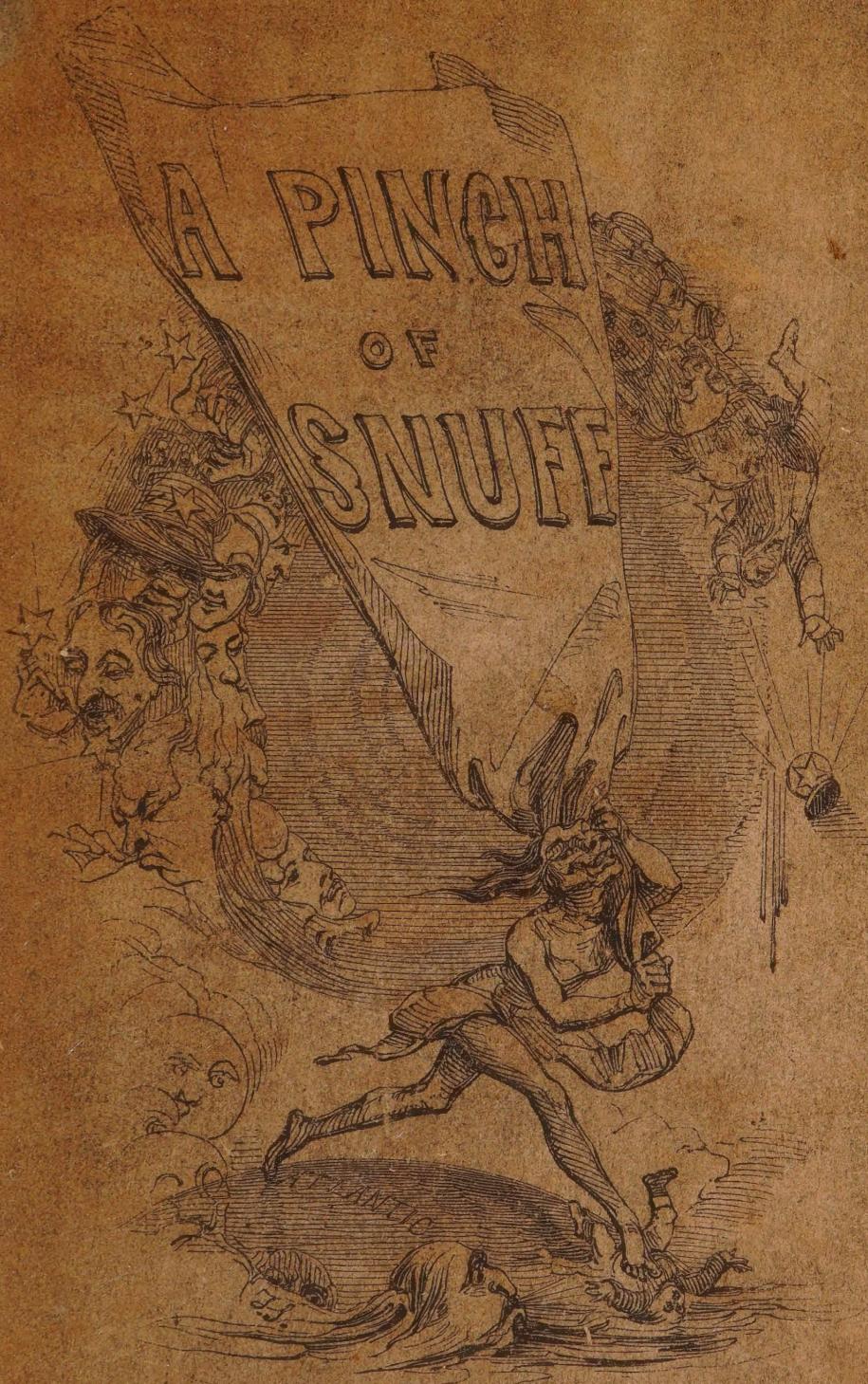


FOUR SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.



ROBERT TYAS, 50 CHEAPSIDE.

M D C C C X L .

London
July 1915

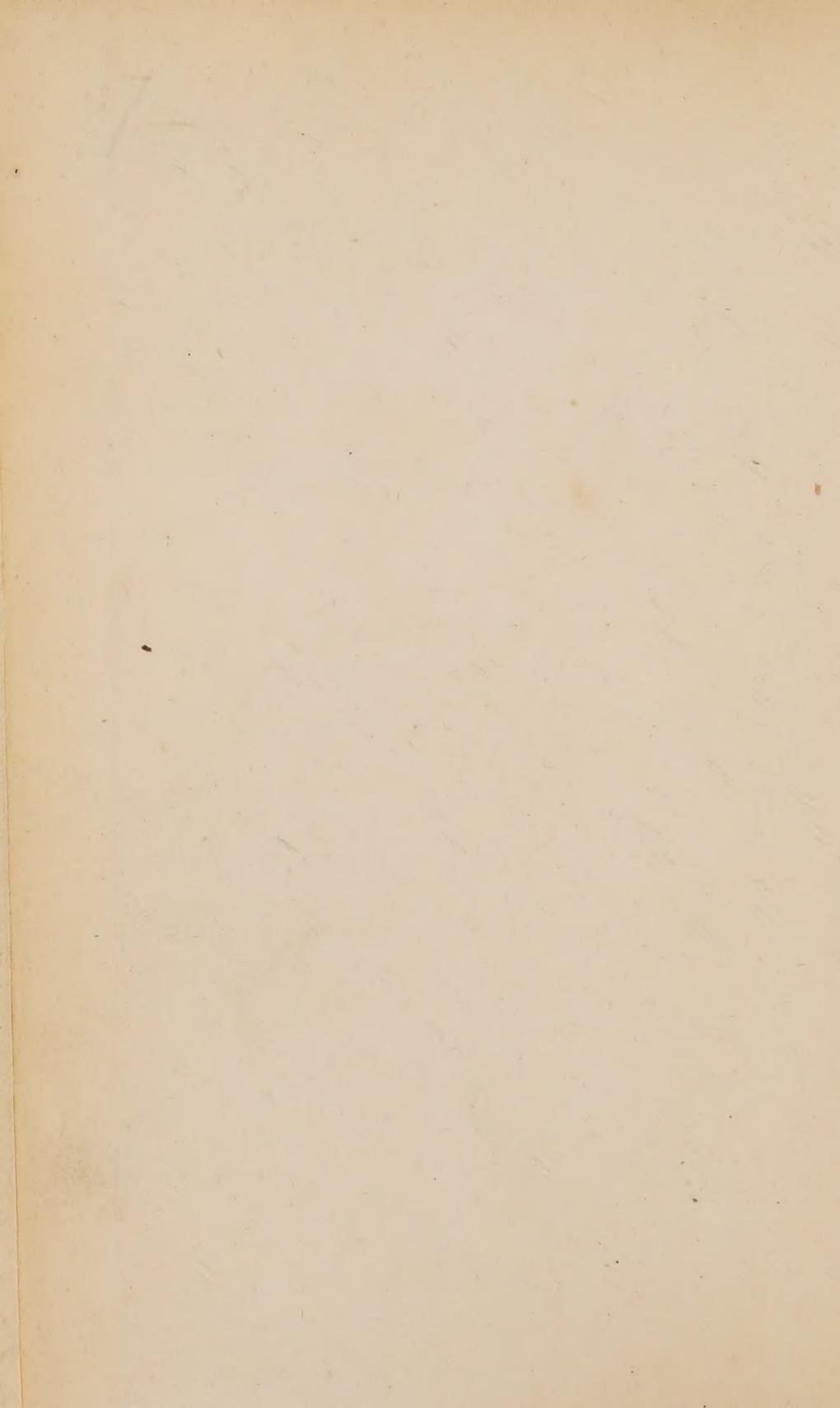
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A PINCH—OF SNUFF.



"Old Courtiers of the Queen's "

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A PINCH—OF SNUFF:

COMPOSED OF

CURIOSUS PARTICULARS AND ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF

SNUFF TAKING;

AS WELL AS

A REVIEW OF SNUFF, SNUFF-BOXES, SNUFF-SHOPS,
SNUFF-TAKERS, AND SNUFF-PAPERS;

WITH

The Moral and Physical Effects of Snuff.

BY DEAN SNIFT,

OF BRAZEN-NOSE.

Do you take, good Sir, do you take?—**OLLAPOD.**
Go, fuddle all your noses.—**THE POOR SOLDIER.**
Odours—pregnant and vouchsafed; I'll get 'em all three ready.
Good Doctor Pinch. **SHAKSPERE.**

LONDON:

ROBERT TYAS, 50 CHEAPSIDE.

M D C C C X L.

London :
VIZETELLY and Co., Printers and Engravers,
135 Fleet Street.

TO

THE REFINED AND SOCIAL
SNUFF-TAKER.

IN tendering to the lovers of Snuff a Pinch from a long approved Bureau, we have strong hopes that it will not be found too dry, though it may carry some atoms of information, the results of a brown study, to brains perhaps more ready to take a joke.

The Pinch is not flavoured by any deleterious ingredients, such as scent the letter-box of Ovidius Naso ; and as to the *Invidious*, we would simply tickle, not wound, like spear-grass ; if we now and then tap the lid, not enough to moisten the eye ; if we act as rapper, we seek not to injure any good Rappee ; so we won't box about it, but touch noses in *conc—ord*.

We confess to some Fancy mixtures blending with the genuine tobacco. These must be taken *cum grano* ; if you weed them away, it will still be perceptible that we can see an inch beyond our nose, and though not a

model of erudition, are somewhat better off than the man who supposed Ol-factories to mean places where they made Snuff.

If we assume the Royal or Editorial pronoun, be it remembered, that I write “for partner and self;” That is, for “me and my nose.” Snap it not off, good Critics! humble not, by putting out of joint, what I have followed through many a varied scene; let it still wear an aspect of Corinthian brass, nor ever feel like pinch-beck. Pull it not down in the world; but—Bridge and Tunnel permitting—come, brothers, to my cot; there shall ye find no jars, but such as those at which we oft see snuffers stand, and be sure of a welcoming squeeze and pinch from,

Your honest Chronicler,

POLLEXENES DIGIT SNIFT,

DEAN OF BRAZEN-NOSE.

GRANARY

Box.

POST-SCRIPTUM.—A definition in a very early page of our work will shew that we participate in the common lot of bearing a name which we did not choose, and do not think appropriate to our nature.

CONTENTS.

	Page
PRELIMINARY MATTER.	1
Man a snuffing Animal—Lady Snuffers—Introduction of Tobacco—Nicot—Raleigh—Drake—The Pounce Box—Sneezing Powder—Louis XVI.—Papal persecution of Snuff—Restoration—Anne—Georgian Era.	
THE INFLUENCE OF SNUFF.	12
Remedy for Headache and Weak Sight—Perfumed Snuff injurious—Sneezing—Sociability—Sterne—Swift—Poetic Inspiration—Song.	
VARIETIES OF SNUFF.	19
Rappee—Carotte—Montagne—Etrenne—Bureau—Bolangaro—Martinique—Princeza—Welsh—Lundy Foot's Irish Blackguard—Lambkin's Cork—Paris—Fagon de Paris—Scotch—Masulipatam—Cephalic—Grimstone's Eye Snuff—Lord Rochester—Natchitoches—Mathews—Hardham's 37—Violet Strasburg—Queen Charlotte—Gillespie—Prince's Mixture—Macouba—Latakia—Anstruther and Norcot Mixtures—Varieties—Snuff Monopoly in France—Process of Snuff-Making—Dutch and English Tobacco Merchants—Jesuits' Snuff—Misstatements corrected—A Snuffy Song.	
SNUFF SHOPS, SIGNS, AND PAPERS.	49
Fribourg and Treyer—Fribourg and Pontet—Pontet Junior—Watton—Harrison—The Skinners—Kilpack—Procter—Currey—Taylor—Beynon and Stocken—Hudson—Arnet—Pain—Edwards—Highlanders—Black Boys—Female Figure—Quaint Device—Snuff Papers—Charades.	

SNUFF-BOXES	60
Inappropriate receptacles—French taste—Chinese Fox Hunt—Laurence Kirk—James Sandy—Cumnoc—Curious Boxes—Sarcophagus—Robert Burns—William Pitt—Duke of Gloucester—Napoleon and Louis XVIII.—Gold Wicker—Diamonds—Hogarth—Mulberry Tree—Platoff—Moorish Box—Nelson's Coffin—Bark Boxes—Maria Foote—Diplomatic Boxes—Emperor of Austria—Ninety-second Mull—Song.	
SNUFF-TAKING	93
Snuff a Tell-tale—Duchess de Berri—Nose hunger—Stolen pinch—Pledging in Snuff—Sneezing—Catullus—Cowley—An upset—Robbery—Madness—Execution—How to Smooth Snuff—Stage Snuff—Test of Love—A Taker's Courtesy—Ma Tabatiere—Longevity—A Black Pinch—Surrender to Snuff—Pupil's Bribery—A Disinfecter—Bloomfield—Late Sitting—Deliberate Aim—Extract—Airing Snuff—Attitudes—Noses “Bottle, Grecian, Snub, or Roman”—The Handkerchief—Patterns—A Slip of the Tongue.	
SNUFF-TAKERS	152
George IV.—King of Hanover—Dukes of Cambridge and Sussex—Princess Hesse Homburg—Dukes of Devonshire and Buccleuch—Marquis of Ely—Lords Alvanley, Airlie, Arbuthnot, Panmure, and Abercrombie—Louis XVIII.—Duke of Orleans—Frederick the Great—Mrs. Siddons—John Kemble—Brummel—Sir Henry Cooke—Theatrical Touchstone—Dramatic Censor—Steevens the Commentator—Count Boralowski—Donald Macpherson—Earl of Harrington—Prince Talleyrand—Prince Metternich—Napoleon—Lady Holland—Conclusion—Acrostic.	

A PINCH—OF SNUFF.

Preliminary Matter.

MAN A SNUFFING ANIMAL—LADY SNUFFERS—INTRODUCTION OF TOBACCO—NICOT—RALEIGH—DRAKE—THE POUNCE BOX—SNEEZING POWDER—LOUIS XIV.—PAPAL PERSECUTION OF SNUFF—RESTORATION—ANNE—GEORGIAN ERA.

WE shall not, emulating Fadladeen, begin,—“Ere we consider the qualities of the powdered vegetable in question, it will be necessary to review the history and effects of *all* the substances that have *ever* been reduced to particles, since the creation of man.” We wish to be *clear* in every respect. They vainly seek to prove a practice clean who write on it in an impure style. There are certain bitter and dirty words, as well as immodest allusions, in a competitor-volume, which will disgust refined readers, more than tobacco in any form can do.

Our aim is to be, if not “merry and wise,” at least decent in our levity ; for we would gladly win both Gown and Petticoat to assemble ‘neath our Bandana flag.

Some writers represent Man’s superiority over other animals to consist in dressing, some in cooking, some in laughing, some in kissing, some in talking. But dogs and monkeys submit to be clad ; brutes will eat cooked food ; the yaffil, the hyæna, laugh ; the Cheshire cat grins ; doves bill ; cows and horses lick each other’s lips ; parrots, jays, starlings, can speak ; yet where is the specimen of inhuman mortality that takes snuff ? No ; snuff-taking is peculiar to the reasoning, responsible, ’tarnal crittur, *that* sets him unapproachably above all quadrupeds, all other bipeds : let the eagle soar his highest, man is still “a pinch beyond.”

In England, especially among the decent and superior classes, there are fewer inveterate smokers than constant snuff-takers. To average, “year round,” three cigars a day, or rather, an evening, would constitute a Briton a notable votary to the pungent leaf. There certainly are extreme cases, but no lessons can be drawn from them ; they are the exceptions, proving general rules. Your

“ dozen-pipe-man,” though real, is remarkable ; so “ let him trot by ! ” But who counts the pinches of your true snuffer ? The last moment ere he sleeps, the first when he awakes, he applies with habitual instinct to his box. If a bad sleeper, there go two pinches, at least, to each waking. Then, during his visible hours, how few are the minutes that elapse between one and another visit to *la tabatiere*. His digits friendlily guide the soothing dust to his profile’s most prominent feature ; and as *un pris* is digested, a successor is in demand.

The idle may carry on flirtations, that end in—smoke ; the persevering, incorporate their very souls with their own beloved dust.

Then, if strength lies in numbers, be it remembered, that we have many even young lady-snuffers ; while we know of but one, even well-drest female in this realm, who smokes. We believe she also rides without a side-saddle.

In India and the Havanna, pipes and cigars are “ so craftily qualified,” that females seem less degraded by their use ; but nowhere would a little *pinch* humiliate them.

We have read a poem, which, after lauding the Miss Brunton (Lady Craven) to the skies,

tenderly begged her not to take *too much* snuff; strong evidence that a *moderate* quantity may be allowed a pretty, juvenile, maiden gentlewoman, just as she may enjoy wine, beef, exercise, learning, and love—"soberly;" without trenching on the license of the "chartered libertine" she is in duty bound to honour and obey, as her superior in all things.

We shall now, in a few words, endeavour to prove that tobacco, reduced to powder, was known long before it was *smoked* in Europe.

As far back as the year of grace 1518, a Spaniard, called Grijalva—blessings upon his name!—held a friendly conference with the Cacique of Tabasco, and first beheld the clouds of incense rising from the smoked weed. Cortez, the renowned general, sent to his sovereign, Charles, a specimen of the transatlantic luxury. The seeds of this novel importation were eagerly sought after by merchants trading to the Levant. Genoa and Venice soon beheld the green leaves of yet untasted happiness; Turkey was next favoured; Araby, then indeed, "the blest," soon possessed this "foreign wonder;" Persia rejoiced at its coming; and the continent of Asia was gladdened by its verdant beauty.

Monsieur Nicot (Lord of Villemain), who, in the year 1560, was the ambassador of Francis II. to the Portuguese court, received, from a Dutch planter, newly returned from “the long voyage,” some seeds of tobacco. These precious grains Monsieur Nicot sent to Queen Catherine (de Medicis). Her Majesty, with infinite good taste, took them under her royal protection ; they were cultivated, and the *pulverised* leaves used as a medicine, under the appellation of *Herbe à la Reine*, until Catherine died.

Linnæus has immortalised the fact, by bestowing on this American produce, the generic name of Nicotiana.

Santa Croce, a cardinal, and, moreover, a nuncio, carried with him, from Madrid to Rome, some tobacco plants. He had gained name and fame previously, from having transported from the Holy Land to the Eternal City, a portion of the true Cross. We will make no comment as to these contrasted claims on the gratitude of posterity.

Popular tradition gives to the gallant and unfortunate Sir Walter Raleigh, the glory of having introduced tobacco in our own dear island. Camden, on the contrary, asserts that Sir Francis Drake, on his return to England, in 1585, smoked

a plant called tabacca, of which he had learnt the use from the Indians, as a cure for dyspepsia.

Doctor Cotton Mather, in his “Christian Philosopher,” says, that “in 1585, one Mr. Lane carried over some tobacco from Virginia, which was the first that had ever been seen in Europe.” Now, it is possible that this “one Mr. Lane,” might have been one of Sir Francis’s gallant crew ; still the testimonies are conflicting, as it is elsewhere most positively asserted, that tobacco was not introduced into Virginia until 1616. Sir Walter Raleigh on his first visit to Trinadad, found the plant in a state of cultivation, as early as 1593.

Leaving to the antiquarian the settlement of this knotty point, let us proceed with our darling theme.

Titilating pulvilios might be, and, we believe, were used, ere the introduction and pulverisation of Raleigh’s fragrant weed. Shakspere’s phrase, “took it in snuff,” proved nothing ; since, after the verb *to snuff*, was our theme called ; a very old, nay, even scriptural verb : (vide Malachi, chapter ii., verse 13) ; “Ye said—what a weariness is it, and ye have snuffed at it.” But “Pouncet Box,” shews that it was not, like our

vinaigrettes, the case for a sponge saturated in essence. “A certain lord” need only have nasally inhaled the odour of such. There is a vast difference between sniffing and snuffing; one sniffs with unloving caution, as he did the “slovenly unhandsome corses, borne betwixt the wind and his nobility.” One snuffs with eagerness, as did “his nose when angry,” at having its delectation “given and ta’en away again.”

Shakspere frequently committed the anachronism of lending his own time’s habits to the dates of his plays. *Ergo*, he most probably thought of the American new fangled dainty when writing of Henry IV.

Since heads have grown upon shoulders, they have been subject to aching, and the powdered leaves of this herb, when newly discovered, were constantly prescribed by the physicians as an errhine.*

As mankind have long admitted that prevention is better than cure, those persons who had received benefit from the administration of the

* “*Errhina*: remedies taken by the nose, to enliven the spirits, stop bleeding, &c., but principally to clear the humidities of the head. Of these, some are taken in powder, as Betony, Marjoram, Iris, White Hellebore, *Tobacco*, &c.”—CHAMBERS, 1738.

powder, did not hesitate to make use of it, under the slightest symptoms of their besetting malady. Sneezing Powder was hailed as a specific, and treasured by those whose heads suffered either from neuralgic or other causes. It would prove a gratifying counter-irritation to the throbs created by a rush of *system*, to the brain, unless caused by deranged digestion; in qualmish headaches, snuff, especially if the slightest degree scented, would do more harm than good.

We have not been able to trace an earlier date than 1620, as the period when legitimate snuff-taking began to flourish, Louis XIV., whose reign occupied so long a portion of time, had a personal distaste to snuff, but the objection of the Grand Monarque, did not prevent the increased use of the luxury, amongst the gallants, as well as the ladies of his court.

The king's physician, Monsieur Fagon, anxious to substantiate the justice of his Majesty's antipathy, once held forth in a violent oration, against the pernicious effects of the newly introduced and abominable custom; but, in the midst of his tirade, drew from his pocket, a box filled with the obnoxious powder; and, taking a lusty pinch, resumed the thread of his argument with fresh

vigour. Who has not seen parallel instances of discrepancy, between sayings and doings, on subjects, too, where consistency was more required ?

Pope Urban VIII., A.D. 1624, anathematised all snuff-takers, who indulged in the habit in any church ; but, in the year 1690, it was announced that excommunication would follow any pinch taken within the sacred walls of Saint Peter's; such being the christian-like mandate of Innocent, who then sat in the papal chair. As snuff keeps the attention awake, it may certainly be permitted in church, during a long sermon on the “Soothing System.”

The return of Charles II., and the cavaliers who had lived with their exiled monarch, is calculated as the period when snuff-taking was first introduced in England. It made but a slow progress, till the throne was filled by Mary Stuart and William of Nassau ; then it rapidly increased in vogue amongst the higher classes of society ; so that, in fact, scarcely a man of rank in the time of Anne but carried about him the insidious dust ; some in boxes of porcelain, agate, ebony, and tortoise-shell ; others, in the hollow head of the cane, at that time as indispensable an appendage as the sword.

In the reign of our second George, the delight of snuff-taking was not confined to the aristocracy, but extended through all classes of respectable life. As a proof of its rapidly increasing popularity, we quote the observation made by the learned Chambers, the compiler of the first Cyclopædia, which bears date 1727. “Ordinarily, tobacco is the basis of snuff; other matters being only added to give it a more agreeable scent, &c. The kinds of snuff, and their several names, are infinite; and new ones are daily invented; so that it would be difficult, not to say impossible, to give a detail of them. We shall only say, that there are three grand sorts: the first granulated; the second an impalpable powder: and the third, the bran or coarse part remaining after sifting the second sort.”

Queen Charlotte, though only seventeen when she was married, was a confirmed snuff-taker. Need we say that, with such an example, the custom was soon followed by courtiers, male and female. Her Majesty was remarkable for a fine arm, and delicate, elegantly formed hand; these were brought into observation by their frequent approaches to her face; but we acquit the Queen of all coquettish policy in this, for the more lovely



The Royal Granddaughter

the finger-post, the more visible, from contrast, the unclassic outline of the place to which it pointed. Truth is truth, but “equally it true is” that the royal “pug” was surmounted by eyes full of intellect and goodness.

When Princess Charlotte was a child, at a ball given by her Majesty to the juvenile nobility, her Royal Highness being advised to call a dance, bade the musicians play, “What a beau my granny was.” Which old song proceeds,

“ What a beau was she !
She took snuff, and that’s enough,
And that’s enough for me.”

The dear old lady took this kindly, and enjoyed it as much as any of its other hearers.

That George IV. took snuff, the mixture which bears his Princely title sufficiently proves ; and daily experience shews us that, since the demise of that monarch, snuff has increased—is increasing in popularity.

Having now given a brief sketch of its rise and progress, we will speak more fully than we have yet done on some of its effects.

The Influence of Snuff.

REMEDY FOR HEADACHE AND WEAK SIGHT—PERFUMED
SNUFF INJURIOUS—SNEEZING—SOCIABILITY—STERNE
—SWIFT—POETIC INSPIRATION—SONG.

THEY err who assert that snuff impairs the sense of smelling, and vitiates the digestion ; a surgeon, visiting a fever ward, does well to encase his olfactory nerves in snuff, for the benefit of his stomach. Not only *the Cephalic, par excellence*, Grimstone's Eye Snuff, and Turner's Aromatic Scotch, must be confessed of service, in cases of headache, and weakness of sight ; but so is all good (not perfumed) snuff.

A person known to us, suffered great pain and inconvenience after a fall, which had impaired the powers of speech, threatening a Matthew Stuffyism ; such, as in the case of a popular light comedian, will sometimes wrench a word from its true sound and meaning, making him talk of “ Batri-body ad dice wibid.” The battered one took to

plain snuff, and was again enabled to speak through the nose—a great advantage ; also to use a kerchief, without any fear of blowing the brains out.

We remember a booby squire who thought it fine to learn snuff-taking, bought a small shallow box ; but in the evening of its first day, was seized with what he called “a nauseous headache ; all owing to the snuff.” An experienced friend opened its little receptacle ; a heavy cloying odour exhaled from a long lump that nearly filled it.

“ In the name of stupidity ! ” cried the explorer, “ what is this ? ”

“ Why,” grumped the invalid, “ they call it a Donkey-bean.”

“ And well they may. One Tonquin bean is strong enough to scent the contents of a sea-chest, and *you* have let it impregnate a quarter of an ounce in a nut-shell. Your indisposition is owing to the *donkey*, not the *snuff*.”

There must be solace and inspiration in snuff : an Irish woman used to beg pence that she might purchase it, while nursing “ the babby :” a dictatorial patroness once said :—

“ Why, Peggy, I gave you a trifle for the same purpose only last evening ; you seem always buying snuff.”

“ Ah then,” sighed the poor mother, “ What’s an ounce a day, my lady, to a woman giving suck ? ”

If she had not had it, she must have fed her child on fretfulness and care ; whereas, in our sense, we might contradict Shakspere, and e’en if “ hidden from the radiant sun” be “ solaced in a dungeon by a snuff.”

Old *takers* become dead to the acute sensation which causes sneezing, yet it would ill-compliment a snuff, one’s calling it “ not to be sneezed at.” Very salutary to the inhabituated, is that involuntary obedience to the impulses of those comic convulsions—sneezing fits : their shocks at once relieve and revive us,—inspire a good humoured self-decision, of great service to those who pride in the dignified sagacity of what they are wont to utter.

While a man can be forced to sneeze, or to weep by aught piquant, snuff is an admirable missile of war.

In the grand Lock campaign, at Hampton, the Epic poet says :—

“ See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes ;
Nor feared the chief, the unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than”—*Mr. Pope?* *Oh, fie!*

“ But this bold Lord, with manly strength endued,
She by one finger and a thumb, subdued.
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw:
The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust;
Sudden with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose !”

If she had foraged for this supply on Sir Plume’s “ amber box” of which he was so “ vain,” that was a double glory for the ringlet-bereaved Amazon.

At clubs, in coffee-rooms, at public exhibitions or amusements, on coaches, or on board ship, how often as snuff acted Master of the Ceremonies ; introducing strangers to each other, establishing between them a circulating medium, of courteous sympathies, common interests, general topics !

The admiration excited by box or contents, leads to questions and replies ; localities, arts, literature, politics, scandal, “ the price of things, the fashion, and the weather ;” a thousand subjects are set afloat, by this cheap and innocent bribe.

But for snuff, Sterne and the Guido-esque Capuchin, would never have come to an understanding.

Snuff sustained Sir Joshua's patience, while “he shifted his trumpet;”—subdued the irritation of Sir Fretful.

Recollect that Swift makes an ignorant Abigail, representing *her* beau-ideal of a military man, say for him :—

“ Your Novids, and Blutareks, and Omers, and stuff,
Egad I do n't vally 'em this pinch of snuff.”

If it had been a blessing to which his deserts could *aspire* (politely to translate a common phrase), he would not have been so “ mauled” by the tutor for “ coquetting his wife.”

As one among the many instances of snuff’s power to lend a poet inspiration, we subjoin an extemporised parody, by an Irish barrister. The song, we believe, was never printed ; and if known at all in England, must, by this time, be forgotten.

We give the whole of this *chanson*, though its early verses do not bear upon our subject; *that* the testator reserved as his “ last best gift,” though receptacle and contents could not have cost a tithe of the price paid for the two other articles willed away.

The Counsellor's Legacy.

When in death I am calm reclined,
Bear my wig to my mistress dear !
Tell her it had two long tails behind,
And a bunch of curls above each ear ;
Tell her with savory oil 'twas scented,
Combed and frizzled both up and down ;
And nothing of barber's art was wanted,
To make it fit for a counsellor's crown.

Next, my gown, so thin and tattered,
It once was new, and well to wear ;
Tho' now 'tis rent, and with mud bespattered,
'T will make a petticoat for my dear.
As through the streets you gaily flaunt it,
Long may the gift of love be worn ;
Nor lend, nor pledge, nor ever *cant** it,
Until the relic be soiled and torn.

Last, my box, that will last for ever,
The gift of my grandmother, long ago ;
Lift the lid, but still endeavour
To keep my dust, which lies below.
And when with cold your head is stuffed up,
Turn the screw, but cautious be,
A single pinch may then be snuffed up,
And when you sneeze—oh, think of me !

* To “cant” is to sell. Such is the cant in Ireland.

Considering the state of his gown, we see little prospect of the lady's flaunting gaily even in its better parts, converted into one of the very scanty petticoats worn between twenty-five and thirty years ago, the period when this liberal and Hibernian bequest was made. Thin rusty black, so circumscribed in limits, would very soon be torn, by a fine rollicking, slashing creature, such as we have seen in the Emerald Isle.



Varieties of Snuff.

RAPPEE — CAROTTE — MONTAGNE — ETRENNE — BUREAU —
BOLANGARO — MARTINIQUE — PRINCEZA — WELSH —
LUNDY FOOT'S IRISH BLACKGUARD — LAMBKIN'S CORK —
PARIS — FACON DE PARIS — SCOTCH — MASULIPATAM —
CEPHALIC — GRIMSTONE'S EYE SNUFF — LORD ROCHESTER —
NATCHITOCHES — MATHEWS — HARDHAM'S 37 —
VIOLET STRASBURG — QUEEN CHARLOTTE — GILLESPIE —
PRINCE'S MIXTURE — MACOUBA — LATAKIA — ANSTRUTHER AND NORCOT MIXTURES — VARIETIES — SNUFF MONOPOLY IN FRANCE — PROCESS OF SNUFF MAKING — DUTCH AND ENGLISH TOBACCO MERCHANTS — JESUITS' SNUFF — MISSTATEMENTS CORRECTED — A SNUFFY SONG.

THE best known of the dark-coloured tribe is RAPPEE, deriving its name from the French word *Rapé*, signifying rasped, which, doubtless was its original mode of manufacture. It is to be procured either brown or black, plain or scented, and is, in most cases, the foundation of what are termed “fancy snuffs.” Black Rappee is made of plain Virginian Tobacco.

CAROTTE, is so called from the tobacco being close rolled and pressed into a long conical shape,

like that of the before named vegetable, to be subjected to the operation of the rasp as required. From which end it was best to begin at, became a matter of grave discussion amongst the courtiers of Louis XV.; those who wished to fill their boxes quickly preferring the top, whilst those who had more leisure amused themselves with the tail.

MONTAGNE CAROTTE possesses a peculiarly acid, or rather vinous flavour, as though it had been steeped in Hock or Rhine wine. The Carotte imported from the Brazils has an odour very similar to that which salutes the nostrils from a fine ripe Cheshire cheese. A very small quantity of either of these is sufficient to flavour a box full of plain snuff.

It was usual for the fabricants of snuff, in France, to present to the King, upon New Year's Day, specimens of their various manufactures; whichever sort was selected by the monarch became the ETRENNE for the year, and was in general use at court, until a new candidate appeared. It is one of the most fashionable snuffs now in use.

BUREAU is usually the same colour and grain as Etrenne; but it is to be procured of any grain, according to the taste of the taker. Why it bears that particular appellation we have not been able

to ascertain ; but we remember the remark of a wag, who happened to be present at our requesting Mr. Kilpack to fill our box with this pleasant snuff :—

“ Bureau ! ” the punster exclaimed, eyeing the somewhat Patagonian proportion of our receptacle, “ why ‘tis big enough for a chest of drawers.”

BOLONGARO has received its name from a large dealer in tobacco, some time since residing at Offenbach, near Frankfort. He is succeeded in his business by Forsboom, who, in imitation of his predecessor, has stood god-father to an excellent Dutch snuff.

Signior Bolangaro, who settled as a tobacco-merchant at Amsterdam and Frankfort, amassed an enormous fortune by his business, which had been, for years, conducted on the most extensive and liberal scale ; and, when he withdrew from the cares of commerce, he retired to his own *Bella Italia*, purchasing a beauteous estate, large enough for a principality, and ranking amongst the magnates of the land.

His late compatriot, Signior Bertarelli, we have been informed by English merchants who have had various dealings with him, carried on business in a manner worthy of the foregone charac-

ter of the house ; and that purchasers were entertained in a princely style at his vast establishment.

The venerable joke of “ Dealer in Tobacco and other Sweetmeats,” is exemplified in the person of Madame Grandmaison, who, for many years, has been celebrated for her delicious preserves, exquisite noyeau, as well as being the principal vendor of an excellent snuff, bearing the name of MARTINIQUE, on which island Madame lives, or did live ; and where she manufactured her snuff from the finest tobacco grown in the Caribbean Isles. It is sold in long necked bottles, and requires moistening before use ; the application of a drop or two of green tea, unimplicated by sugar or cream, draws out the fine flavour. Genuine Martinique will be found to possess a very slight perfume, and is of a mild character.

A mixture of tobacco, reduced to an impalpable powder, with an equal quantity of red *earth*, is brought from the Havanna under the high sounding name of PENALVAR. Its pungency is so great that a very few grains are sufficient to create a violent attack of sternutation, by which hard name, as every body is aware, sneezing is called by *Nosologists*. As a dentrifice, this so-called snuff, is much and successfully used.

PRINCEZA, which somewhat resembles the last named in appearance and pungency, is brought from Lisbon, where it is principally manufactured.

The popularity of Lundy Foot's Irish Black-guard brought before the public a villainous concoction of burnt horse beans, denominated WELSH. This intruder ought to have attempted some imitation of its predecessor's *title* at least, and called itself Welsh Humbug. We really wonder how the peppery children of the Principality could suffer such an insult on their senses to be vended under the name of Welsh.

Our fellow labourer in the Tobacco field, in his Paper, asserts, with a somewhat rash confidence, that the story told of the origin of Lundy Foot's snuff is a fable ; and endeavours to prove his assertion by a coarse quotation from a vulgar tract, published in the reign of William III., in which there is not the slightest allusion to high-dried, or toasted snuff, but the simple fact is stated that the Irish were addicted to the use of tobacco, not only in pipes, but in powder and quids.

Those who have visited Dublin, and talked with ancient natives on the subject of Lundy Foot's extraordinary good luck, know well that

the over roasting conflagration, which he thought his ruin, proved the Aurora of his fortune ; if they be sceptical, let them visit the magnificent establishment, at the foot of Essex bridge, and view the keg of BLACKGUARD, “open, like a tourney of old,” as a late senator might have said, “for all comers,” in grateful memento of the fact, that it was not to the highest class of society “Misther Fut” originally offered his high toast. A few paces from the entrance of this far-famed dépôt, may oft be seen some tall carman, his frieze coat hanging at his back, with sleeves unoccupied, the garment decorated with flat steel buttons, each larger than a dollar; but should there be one “bigger than the biggest,” Paudeen will take a long grip of that same, holding his thumb and fore-finger tightly pressed to the edge, in order to form two deep indentures in his horny digits, that he may fill these cavities with the much loved “Lundy Fut,” when he dips his big fist into the keg.

A well-written little work, called “Ten Minutes’ Advice in choosing Cigars, with a Word or two about Tobacco, and something about Snuff,” gives the following version of what Joseph Fume is pleased to call a fable :—

“The real truth is this:—A large tobacco warehouse had been burnt down in Dublin, and Lundifoot, or rather Lundy Foot, then a poor man (a porter at the same warehouse) purchased, for a mere trifle, a large quantity of scorched and burnt tobacco, from off the ruins. This he ground up into a new sort of snuff, which he sold excessively cheap among the poorer sort of Irish. It was much admired for its pungency, and soon grew into immense repute. Lundy Foot opened a shop, gave the snuff his own name, and became a thriving man: but his invention has generally been known as Irish Blackguard, from the persons who first gave publicity to its excellence.”

Within these few years, “the beautiful city called Cork,” has entered into competition with Dublin, in the manufacture of high-dried; and LAMBKIN’S CORK is rising rapidly into popularity. For what business has any Cork to sink? Why should not Lambkins brisk and fatten?

PARIS, and FACON DE PARIS, are names given to two plain preparations; but of late both have been misnomers. The French capital could not produce any snuff so good; and it is well known, by visitors to that gay metropolis, that it is the *Façon de Paris* to vend the very worst.

SCOTCH is fabricated solely from the stalks of tobacco leaves ; is in abundant use amongst that venerable and valuable body, yclept washer-women ; and fell $11\frac{5}{8}$ per cent. in the market during the short period that the Steam Bleaching Company was in operation at Merton. Its members, greatly to the joy of the legitimate *blanchisseuses*, soon found themselves in hot water ; and one of the directors, now in reduced circumstances, had his feelings lacerated not long ago, by an ancient beldame asking him :—

“ How are you off for soap ? ”

He had not in his power a reply so satisfactory as that of the naïve and ingenuous Peter Simple.

Sailors swear that the wreck of this steam-venture was a judgment on its crew, for dismasting Merton of the trees planted by glorious Nelson, and rigging one or two that were left standing, with sheets quite unworthy of his timbers.

MASULIPATAM, a dark, moist, highly-scented snuff, brought from the coast of Coromandel. The mode of its preparation, which we “ happen to know,” shall remain a secret. We will not follow the example of the clever Fume, and indulge in subjects likely to give offence. We are

not like the divine who “ never mentioned hell to ears polite,” but we hope to avoid that coarseness, and unnecessary detail of unpoetical facts, so apparent in the otherwise valuable little Paper of Tobacco.

CEPHALIC, formerly sold as a patent medicine, as an instantaneous relief from headache, has given way to GRIMSTONE’s EYE SNUFF, which we believe to be a mixture of pulverised aniseed and the best Scotch. No matter what its component parts may be, its wonder-working properties have been sworn to before the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor; and is not that enough to satisfy the most inveterate Dedimus existing?

Mr. G., however, is far from equalling the Quack, supposed to be Rochester in disguise, who read, from his rostrum, a letter to this effect.

“ SIR—I was born stone blind; and so continued up to my seventieth year; when, on taking one small pinch of your Infallible and miraculous, regenerating, penetrative, sight-perpetuator, my eyes opened, strong and clear as those of Argus; more brilliant than the optics of Hebe. I have ever since taken about a pound and three-quarters a day of my inanimate animator, or second parent; am now ninety-six, can read the smallest type without glasses by moonlight, and drink barrels of the most potent beverages, without a dream of a headache.”

We cannot conclude our notice of pure snuffs, without a mention of what we have reason to think the best preparation of the plant. We allude to the produce of Louisiana, called NATCHITOCHES: it is very little known in England. Of late years, the only pinches of this superb snuff that have fallen to our lot, have been those proffered by Mr. Stephen Price, who occasionally receives, from his transatlantic agents, a small quantity of this precious powder.

An ex-military, ex-theatrical scribe, whose reminiscences of a great farceur have been praised for their friendly fidelity, tells, verbally as yet, the following fact:—

“ On my first acquaintance with Mathews, he had taken a fancy to some snuff, of which I had purchased a large quantity at the Havanna. He asked its name. I replied, ‘ Natchitoches.’

“ ‘ Nasty what ? ’ he cried, looking through me.

“ I repeated the title.

“ ‘ Oh, nice ! you travellers see and hear strange things. *May I ask why* it is so called ? ’

“ ‘ After the place, in America, where it is made ; some way up the Mississippi, above New Orleans.’

“ ‘ Ever there ? ’

“ ‘ No, Jackson prevented ; but—’

“ ‘ *But you don’t believe, nor expect me to believe that there ever was such a place, do you?* ’

“ ‘ Believe what you like, so you accept a pound of the dust.’

“ ‘ Good fellow, call it what you please, after that. Capital, Nancy ! famous, Dodget ! Only *of course*—between friends—you do *not mean* that, even across the Atlantic, such words would pass current, eh ? ’

“ I laughed over his pretended incredulity. Years elapsed, and I saw his Yankee monopologue. Its second part was denominated “ All’s well at Natchitoches ; ” accordingly, I sent him round a billet, reiterating his own comic phrases of doubt ; so that, when he caught my eye, as I took out my box, he nodded and laughed forth,—

“ ‘ Excellent snuff they make *here*, as I am now *convinced* ; for travellers *do* find out incredible truths ; especially at Natchitoches ! Snop ! ’ ’

Come we now to the MIXTURES ; but as their name is Legion, we shall content ourselves with noticing a few of the best known.

HARDHAM’S 37. A snuff that has enjoyed a deserved popularity, ever since its primitive amalgamation. It is composed of the best Dutch, and

sound black Rappee, mixed, in grains not much smaller than dust shot. The donor of “Ten Minutes’ Advice,” contents himself by saying, “Garrick, in one of his characters used to puff this mixture;” but he has omitted to state that *the* Mr. Hardham was the English Roscius’s under-treasurer; and that, at his shop, No. 37, Fleet-street, aspirants for Metropolitan engagements, were in the habit of congregating; the worthy tobacconist leaving the receipt of custom, and retiring to the parlour, for the purpose of hearing the declamation, and judging the capabilities of his visitors; usually favouring them with what he conceived the standard of histrionic eloquence,—a passage from “The Alchymist,” given in direct imitation of his dear friend and patron, David, whose personation of Abel Drugger had naturally excited the sympathies of the tobacconist treasurer. It is quite true that the little genius did recommend this snuff from the stage; a word from him must have had great influence with the public, and lent Hardham’s 37, a mental elegant character.

VIOLET STRASBURG. This once popular snuff is now rarely seen or rather smelt. A few dowagers, inhabiting apartments in Hampton Court Palace, who fondly cherish their recollections of the good

old times, tap their gold and silver receptacles, with courtly solemnity ; and, as they lift the subtle powder to their “ right honourable noses,” think of the days when they were Maids of Honour, or Ladies of the Bedchamber ; discuss topics long gone by ; and, under the influence of her late Majesty Queen Charlotte’s favourite mixture, talk of the Prince of Wales, Mrs. Fitzherbert, Mr. Pitt, Charles Fox, Sheridan, and “ that naughty man” Colonel Hanger, as though they had but yesterday encountered in their walks, beings who have long been reduced to dust, as impalpable as that occupying the fair, though somewhat shrunken fingers of the antique gossips. Violet Strasburg is an admixture of Rappee and bitter almonds, reduced to a fine powder, to which ambergris and attar-gul are added.

We remember when vast quantities of this composition were manufactured by the house of Ricketts and Son, of Bristol ; the demand for it, some thirty-five or forty years ago, was extreme.

GILLESPIE. A strong brown Rappee, with a peculiar flavour, the secret of which the canny Edinbro’ chiel has wisely kept in the family. The original inventor of this pleasant snuff realised a large fortune by tickling the noses of the lieges.

PRINCE's MIXTURE, as sold, is nothing more than plain brown Rappee scented with otto of roses.* It is hardly to be credited that George IV., could have sanctioned so dangerous and headache giving a compound. We regard the title given as an invidious libel upon the taste of our refined monarch.

MACOUBA. This is manufactured in the island of Martinique, and is dark in its colour and highly scented.

Gliddon, of King Street, Covent Garden, first introduced a Syrian importation, called LATAKIA. It has been imitated by the many in the trade who prefer profit to reputation for honesty. The oriental scholar will, at a glance, detect the false packet. Are not the characters found on the impress of the Gliddonian seal genuine? Is not the signature of the Arabian grower written in the green ink peculiar to the delicious city of Damascus? Could it possibly be imitated, even in these days, when chemistry is going a-head?

* The writer of "Ten Minutes' Advice, &c.," prefixes the following damningly information to his mention of the manifold mixtures now vended:—"All scented snuffs are of the very worst quality, with some strong essential oil rubbed in profusely, to give them a flavour."

Does not the silk, which so neatly secures the packet, bear convincing evidence that none but the worms of Smyrna, fed on the leaves of the Ephesian mulberry, could have produced such crimson cobwebs?

Peace to the *manes* of John Turner! He it was who first induced the founder of Divans in England to offer to the notice of the curious this valuable novelty; remarkable at once for the fragrance of its components, and the veracity so apparent in the details connected with its being submitted to the discernment of a British public.

Men of rank and fortune, persons known as great consumers of snuff, poets, painters, and warriors, have, upon occasion, permitted their names to be affixed to jars containing their favourite mixtures. As a proof, however, that man is inconstant, even to his nose, the pleasant melange sold but a few years since as “The Speaker’s,” is very different from “Lord Canterbury’s Mixture,” vended at this present writing.

Colonel, now Sir Wyndham, Anstruther, selected, with great judgment, divers snuffs; and their amalgamation was in constant demand, some years ago, at Fribourg and Treyer’s. The ensemble was of a peculiar character, and its per-

fume bore a strong resemblance to the (faint) odour of quinces.

The late gallant Sir Amos Norcott was an admirable connoisseur of the weed in all its shapes, but especially when in pulvio. During the Peninsular war, it would have been deemed heresy in an officer of the Rifle Brigade to regale his olfactories with any but NORCOTT'S MIXTURE. Those excellent men, Messrs. Evans, of the Haymarket, can vouch for the fact, that they became aware of the magnitude of the military movements in Portugal and Spain by the increased demand for snuff made by the Light Division. Nay, we have heard it affirmed, that in more than one general action, the enemies ranks were thinned by shots delivered in *Canisters*, bearing the well-known label of Fribourg and Treyer.

We are well aware that there exist some very good snuffs, bearing the names of the places in which they are prepared : for instance, Cologne, Bordeaux, Havre, Rouen, St. Omer, Dieppe, Antwerp, &c., &c., but they require no particular description.

A brief notice as to the state of the commodity in France, will not, we trust, be unacceptable in our present section.

The snuff manufactory there, before the Revolution, was under the control of the *Fermiers Generaux*; and the receipt of the tax formed but a very indifferent part of the revenue. The *Poignard des Patriotes*, as the guillotine was called, made away with the *Fermiers Generaux*, amongst whom was the celebrated Lavoisier.

He it was who asked his murderers for a respite of fourteen days, to finish some important experiment in chemistry, and only obtained this answer from the President of the revolutionary tribunal :

“*La nation n'a pas besoin des savants.*”

The manufacture of snuff became an “open question” upon the abolition of the old laws. The most important of all private establishments in this branch of trade, was the Hotel de Longueville, occupied by the firm of Robillard and Dubrosseron: so tempting a fortune was made by these men, that in 1807, or thereabouts, Napoleon, who was no respecter of persons or property, confiscated the whole of their commercial possessions.

The Imperial decree is of some length; but the leading feature is, that in future, government alone will hold the power of manufacturing snuff and tobacco throughout France.

In each town is a principal agent, called “*Entreposeur general*,” who receives the article at a fixed price, according to quality : he retails it to the *debitant* at about a franc higher per *killo* (two pounds). These agents are all appointed by government ; and originally were selected from disabled officers, their widows or daughters : but since the introduction of the Constitutional form in France, the granting of licenses to sell snuff is made the means of obtaining votes at an election, or rewarding ministerial deputies.

The most trifling *debts* yield about 1,500 francs per annum. In the Departments, such a post is considered of great importance ; and the members have as much to do, during the session, to obtain these favours for their constituents, as to attend public business.

The net revenue on snuff is from fifty to sixty millions of francs. The monopoly vested in the hands of government, is only voted for a certain term of years. To such great and numerous annoyances are the growers of tobacco subjected, that it is not probable things will continue long in the present state.

Under the Imperial government, no liberty of the press existed ; it was only by joke, or *bon mot*,

that the people could vent their spleen against any vexatious measure. On the appearance of the decree of 1807, Geoffray, in the “Journal de l’Empire,” said :—

“ On vient d'accorder des licences pour vendre du tabac. Dieu veuille que toutes celles (les licences) qu'on a prise avec nos personnes et nos propriétés, soient désormais renfermés dans nos tabatières.”

Having enumerated the principal snuffs, simple and compound, we will call the reader’s attention to some interesting facts connected with the fabrication of the article.

The tobacco intended to be converted into snuff, is selected with great care, and moistened with liquids especially prepared for the purpose: huge piles, often amounting to four hundred pounds in weight, are formed, and the natural heat of the plant is suffered to escape, at the same time that the leaves are deprived, by evaporation, of the essential oil they contain; were this powerful narcotic suffered to remain, the snuff would be unpalatable and intoxicating. This process of extracting the pernicious qualities occupies from three to five months; the tobacco is then in a fit state to be sent to the mill, where it is ground in

coarse or fine grains, agreeably to the desire of the snuff manufacturer. In the making of fine snuff, it is in the power of the proprietor, if so disposed, to reduce any adulterations he may choose to introduce into particles so minute as to defy detection ; but coarse snuffs, you may rest assured, are, generally speaking, composed of genuine tobacco : admixtures, in a large grain, would be easily detected, and they are consequently avoided.

Upon this crying sin of allowing deleterious materials to be introduced, an honest worshipper of the weed thus remarks :—

“ The man who adulterates tobacco, or mixes pernicious ingredients with his snuff, cannot be sufficiently punished by a pecuniary mulct ; his nose should be cut off, and thrown to the first beggar’s cur that passes his shop. It is a duty incumbent on the judge of tobacco to hold up such fellows to public indignation and scorn.”

The tobacco merchants of Holland, being free from the excessive duty which is levied on the commodity in England, and which returns nearly three millions to our annual revenue, possess a vast and superior power over our own manufacturers. The Dutchman is enabled to consume as

many years in the perfecting of the article, as the Englishman, crippled by heavy excise, can afford months. Mynheer prides himself on having thousands of tobacco rolls placed on shelves, and remaining untouched for five, and often seven years, gradually fermenting, and daily becoming more mellow. By minute mechanism, he avoids the destruction of the delicate flavour of the herb, which our ponderous mills are calculated to dissipate.

It is no less strange than true that the bell of the lily of the valley, dried and pulverised, forms the most stimulating powder yet discovered. Who would guess that the innocent valley lily had so much spirit in her? Yet, horse-radish itself is not stronger. Pure things are not so insipid as carrion-hunters would suppose. Anti-snuffers accuse fabricants of introducing powdered glass; this is a slander, disproved by the fact that a pinch of snuff will *check* the very annoyance which powdered glass would certainly induce.

We know all about “Jesuits’ bark,” and “Jesuits’ drops,” but have never been able to ascertain what were the components (if *any*) of the Jesuits’ *snuff*, by which some Protestants believed that the followers of Ignatius Loyala

went about destroying dissenters from the Church of Rome, making them pay for their heresy through the nose.

Whilst this dread lasted, hoaxers, in dark mantles, would fling “powder-of-post,” or any other dust, in the eyes of such among their fellow-christians as were bound in their prayers to d—n the Pope, and nick-name all his adherents. Nobody likes anybody’s way of throwing dirt except his own. The purblinded sticklers for reformed religion made sure that their jaundiced eyes were full of this apocryphal poison—this hair-powder invented for the scarlet lady of Babylon. If a Catholic gentleman offered one of these lenient wise-acres a pinch, and if his manner was that of calm suavity, some might “say one thing, some another,” but the person he sought to oblige said “he was a *Jesuit*.” “People never get that air of reserved, condescending politeness by fair means. Nor Oxford nor Cambridge have colleges that bestow it. It smacks of travel, of Linguistry, ‘t is Jesuitical.” Now-a-days, that appellation may be conferred without any necessity for the speaker’s knowing who or what Jesuits were; when, where, how, or why they existed. For those most fond of using the word, it only means

something which they envy, and can't comprehend.

A child once said to her amiable mother:—

“ Mamma, is not a Jesuit a handsome gentleman, who loves to play with little girls ? ”

“ No, my love ; why do you ask ? ”

“ Because Mr. Tippler, who calls me a *kid* and my brother a *cove*, calls Mr. Campbell a Jesuit ; and I want to know why. I'll ask Mr. Tippler.”

“ He could not tell you, dear ; besides, you will never meet him here again.”

“ I'm glad of it, for I do n't like him at all ; but I'll ask *my* Mr. Campbell. I shall be sure to meet *him* here.”

She did so, and her friend answered gravely,

“ I believe, *petite*, it is partly because little girls are fond of *me*, and partly because I take snuff.”

Not all the snuffs he ever inhaled could hatch one stratagem in “ his erudite head.” Easily governed and cheated, he could hold his tongue and keep his temper ; *ergo*, his mixture may fairly be called *Harmless Jesuits' Snuff*.

Of snuff, we cannot say with Lear,

“ Age is unnecessary ; ”

time alone brings it to perfection. If kept in a

moderate state of moisture for a lengthened period, it acquires that mellowness essential to its excellence. Dry snuff, moistened for the nonce, is usually devoid of flavour. There is much value in the following advice, given by one who knew what he was talking about:—

“ If you find a bottle of snuff in an old bureau or cupboard, and suspect it has been deposited there by your grandfather, do n’t throw it away, because, on opening it, you find it dull and flavourless; it is almost sure to be so. Hang it in a window, where the sun may enliven it for a summer with his invigorating beams, and you will be astonished at its mellow and grateful richness in the nostril.”

There is a Paper “On Snuffs and Snuff-takers,” in “The New Monthly Magazine,” for September; which paper proves that truths, like snuffs and wines, are sometimes none the worse for being *old*. The description as to perpendicular and horizontal attitudes of hand, in the act of taking, is admirable. The author, signing himself (T.), talks of “some twenty odd years ago,” as “the days of his nonage,” in which he “was ever and anon poetical; and *remembers*, on one occasion, addressing to his discriminating nose” the very

“ Lines, by the Author of *Absurdities*” (Alfred Crowquill), which first appeared in Miss Sheridan’s “ *Comic Offering*, ” for 1834.

We subjoin the poem—for which (T.) could give (Crowquill) no equivalent in exchange—on which (Alfred) has a claim fire can’t burn out of him ; and if

“ He would not, with a peremptory tone,
Assert the nose upon his face his own,”

We are sorry ; for when Poachers range, all true Forresters should look well to their game.

To My Nose.

Knows he that never took a pinch,
Nosey ! the pleasure thence which flows ?
Knows he the titilating joy
Which my nose knows ?

O, Nose ! I am as proud of thee
As any mountain of its snows !
I gaze on thee, and feel that pride
A Roman knows !

Certes, this writer, “ some twenty odd years ago,” must have been in his nonage indeed ; just about to enter his teens, we take it : why he should sign himself (T.)—why he should write so unlike

himself—we know not; but, on enquiry, found that (Alfred) was guiltless of the prose; while (T.), inebriate by snuff, &c., supposed himself to have *written* the verse, which he had only read and remembered.

His “acquaintances” and his “dumplieſ” are his own. We were right in surmising that (Alfred) could not, at the end of a queer *essay*, say “my *tale* is done,” nor imply the inevitability of “ancient maidens beginning their noses” in taking snuff, though “gentlemen” (so constituted, so distinguished from “barbarians” by “eating with their forks”) may “comfort their organ of *smell*” with perfect neatness, no matter what filth may emanate from their organs of slang.

(Crowquill) could not have composed the line beginning the last verse of the “poetry,” which concludes the said “tale.” It does not suit him to a (T.) Then who *did* steal thy nose, friend? thou mayst say.—“Convey the wise it call;” but we are wrath for thee. Some assert that he who would steal a pin (ch) would steal a bigger thing.

But, independent of this literary theft, the paper abounds in blunders. A list of manufacturers of snuff is given, as a proof of the writer’s knowledge of his subject. We will ask him how

many of the persons named ever manufactured an ounce of snuff? The whole story of the four hogsheads of cigars, discovered in a cellar, is a fable. (T.) must have been imposed on by some wag. Cigars are not packed in hogsheads, in the first place; and, in the second, are not likely to crumble into ready-made snuff; nor could Havanna tobacco, made into powder, be called Rappée. (T.) should remember that cigars, as articles of *trade*, were very little known in the days of his nonage. About five-and-twenty years ago it was not easy to obtain them, except in small quantities, as presents, from the West India captains of Liverpool or Bristol. Upon another point, we must also correct the misstatements of “The New Monthly” article. It was the firm of Fribourg and Treyer, of the Haymarket, who introduced the celebrated Martinique (T.) talks about, and not Fribourg and Pontet, either “daddy” or “chubby face.” The book containing the names of candidates for this highly prized importation is still extant, and (T.) can satisfy himself of the *fact*, if he will take the trouble to ask for a sight of it in the Haymarket. It is not because (T.) takes the pains to inform his readers that he dines in Portman Square, that his dictum on snuff and

snuff-takers should be favoured by additional credence. We hope, when next he gives his aristocratic friends the pleasure of his company, that his language may be divested of the vulgarisms with which he has indulged himself in the paper before us.

We cannot terminate this section better than by a scrap of verse, not allowing such introduction to be so frequent as to make our judges think we have more rhyme than reason.

A Snuffy Song.

Rob me of money, houses, lands,
Yea, strip me to the buff;
Leave me but one of these—my hands,
Yet leave—my pinch of snuff!

Falsely they say it deals us pains;
Then let it soil my cuff,
So I be free from all worse stains
Than such as flow from snuff.

When loss of wife and bairns made dull
The Great Unborn Macduff,*
Just vengeance started from the Mull,
And hope revived with snuff.

* Is not this an Anacreontism?—*Printer's Devil*.

Oft looks the votary to smoke,
Unsocial, dumb, and gruff ;
But many a brain-tickling joke
Hath owed its breath to snuff.

For argument's or satire's sake,
We might each other huff,
Did we not learn to give and take
By interchanging snuff.

The Dowager her Christmas hands
Keeps thawed within her muff :
What warms her nose, her eye expands ?
A cordial pinch of snuff !

Till man had all he could enjoy,
He had not joys enough ;
Nor fully could each sense employ,
Till Fortune gave him snuff.

The piper must avoid the fair,
Who loathes tobacco's puff ;
But unobtrusive is the air
Which men acquire from snuff.

Another kind of baccy-box
Is used by sailors rough ;
The way they choose, refinement shocks ;
But—Chesterfield took snuff.

Quakers unfriendly make us hear a
Lot of starched, stiff-rumped stuff,
But verily they love Madeira,
Albeit they sneer at snuff.

I've ta'en it five-and-thirty years ;
At fifty, still I'm tough ;
And, if my seventies it cheers,
I'll yet be up to snuff !



Snuff Shops, Signs, and Papers.

FRIBOURG AND TREYER—FRIBOURG AND PONETE—PONETE JUNIOR—WATTON—HARRISON—THE SKINNERS—KILPACK—PROCTER—CURREY—TAYLOR—BEYNON AND STOCKEN—HUDSON—ARNET—PAIN—EDWARDS—HIGHLANDERS—BLACK BOYS—FEMALE FIGURE—QUAINT DEVICE—SNUFF PAPERS—CHARADES.

THE long established firm of FRIBOURG and TREYER, No. 34, Haymarket, demands our first notice. The reputation this house acquired during the lifetime of the original partners has been increased, whilst under the control of Messrs. Evans.

The most fastidious snuff-taker may, with safety, assure himself that he will obtain the best article to be procured in the market, whether for the purpose of smoking or snuffing, if he ascend the steps leading to this unostentatious emporium, devoted to the fragrant herb. The Tyro will find his uninitiated nose kindly cared for, by

these admirable purveyors, but happy is the man who happens to be on speaking terms either with the partners, or their indefatigable servant Mr. Carter.

With what zeal and urbanity a fine sample is brought to your notice! It is impossible to resist the pleasure of tasting the proffered specimen.

We could almost forgive (T.) the many blunders he committed in his “Paper,” for his felicity of exclamation—Cockney though it be, and fore stalled in an Adelphi drama, alluding to the Spanish commander—of, “*Oh, Evans!*” whilst enumerating a few of the excellencies to be procured at this establishment.

The stock of snuff, once the property of George IV., was purchased by Messrs. Fribourg and Treyer, of his Majesty’s pages, to whom it had been presented; and although a quantity amounting to between three or four thousand pounds weight, was disposed of in less than eighteen months, a small portion was reserved; so that, to this hour, old customers are regaled with a pinch or two—absolutely and *bondā fide*—from his Majesty’s collection.

For the gratification of the worthy inhabitants east of Temple Bar, the Messrs. Evans have, for

some time past, kept a dépôt of their goods at No. 18, Cornhill.

Over the portal of a shop, near the Opera House, may be seen the names of FRIBOURG and PONTET, by which we imagine that, some years ago there must have been.

“Two *Fribourgs* in the field.”

This house is now more familiarly known as PONTET Senior's. The stock is extensive and various, and the curious in snuff-boxes will be sure to find something worth possessing, amongst the tasteful display at Mr. Pontet's.

PONTET Junior lives in Cockspur Street, midway between Spring Gardens and Charing Cross. He keeps pace with his relative, in the goodness of the article vended. The smoker or the snuffer, if he find not here all the varieties, from Persian to Negro-head, from Carotte to Plain Brown, will, at least, be gratified with the collection of pipes. Here may be seen the Hookah, in all its magnificence; the Meerschaum glowing with the chesnut tint of use, or pale as primrose. The China pipe, ornamented with well executed heads, and picturesque landscapes; the Turkish chibook, attached to its stem of cherry, or jasmine

woods ; in short, so extensive and various is the display, that we should not be at all surprised to find, in some quiet corner of a case, a dhudeen of unquestionable Hibernian origin. A very pretty show of snuff-boxes adorn the windows of Mr. Pontet, junior.

The sojourners at Long's, Stevens's, Gould's, and other hotels, in Bond Street and its immediate neighbourhood, may have their boxes filled, with very fair (brown) snuff, at WATTON's, the corner of Conduit Street.

Some time ago, HARRISON, of St. James's Street, possessed two or three fine varieties ; but we lately detected so powerful a prevalence of ammonia in his mixtures, that, out of due respect for our nose, we have not applied to him since. We advise him to amend of this fault, and refer him to page 38, in the hope that no such fate may await him as is there recommended as fit punishment for *adulterers*.

Some sound, good old snuff will be found at SKINNER's, in St. Martin's Court ; and the purchasers cannot fail to be pleased with the attention and politeness of the proprietor.

There are two other tobacconists of the same name, one residing on Holborn-hill, and the other

near Temple-bar, on the left hand side, going city-wards. We should almost be tempted to visit the former of these establishments, since we learn that the wishes of the customers are carried into effect by one of the most extraordinary *characters* in London. We must take an opportunity of making the acquaintance of this singular personage; albeit, his residence is so near to Fleet Ditch.

At GLIDDON's Cigar Divan, the consumer of snuff will meet with excellent goods, in every possible variety. Some of the most highly prized are to be found here, having the advantage of great age and mellowness.

The spacious room for the reception of smokers has been justly celebrated for its elegant accommodations, and attentive functionaries. The visitors to this *boutique*, whether in search of a real Havanna, a veritable Chinsura cheroot, or their favourite snuff, will not only find what they seek, but they will have an opportunity of ascertaining that the house contains one thing more rare, more valuable than aught that Heaven ever gave to charm the *senses*—a thoroughly honourable, benevolent man. In “little KILPACK” they will see what Pope designates,

“The noblest work of God;”

and they will not fail to be struck by the simple, unobtrusive air with which he graces duty. He deserves many blessings that he possesses not, and certainly one that he enjoys :—he deserves to live in an atmosphere of snuff and tobacco !

PROCTER, of 101, Fleet Street, has received the distinguished honour of being appointed snuff maker to the Queen. The political principles of Mr. Procter are well known to be of the Whig-Radical school, and these liberal sentiments have doubtless obtained for him the privilege of having the royal arms over his door, as purveyor to the royal nose ; though we suspect that her Majesty deals with him merely for the purpose of making *cadeaux*. We know not if he has complimented any of her *present* Ministers, by placing their names on jars. He might reap a golden harvest by selling a narcotic powder, called Melbourne's Morphine ; get rid of any dull flavourless mun-dungus, under the title of Russell's Rappee.

Although Mr. Procter designates his dwelling as “The original warehouse, from Hardham's,” yet his opposite neighbour's, Messrs. R. CURREY and Co., who dwell at 106, dispute that title with the proprietor of her Majesty's snuff shop ; as they claim to be “Successors to the late John Hardham.”

But this is not the only debatable land in Fleet Street. Somewhat westward of the *vis-a-vis* rivals will be seen the *magazin* of Mr. SAMUEL TAYLOR, who announces himself to be the true and lawful successor of the departed Grace Hoare (a name long connected with the locality), and, moreover, that the late Mr. Hoare and the present Mr. Taylor were apprentices to the inventor of the celebrated 37. Now, as neither the “Original” nor the “Successors,” living near the Obelisk (we beg pardon, Obelisks, for Waithman faces Wilkes), call themselves apprentices, we should infer that Samuel Taylor was the man most likely to possess the important secret of manufacturing the article in the same state of purity and excellence as when it received the approbation of Garrick.

Messrs. BEYNON and STOCKEN, of 10, Grace-church Street, were *par brevet* tobacconists to his late Majesty. They keep some excellent snuffs, which are constantly in demand by passengers about to leave town by some of the numerous stages, both long and short, that, from morn till night, are to be seen in front of the substantial and tasteful residence of the firm.

HUDSON, of Oxford Street, is known to very many of our young men of fashion, is much pa-

tronised by the officers of the Guards, and tuft-wearing members of “*the University.*” He keeps very good snuff and excellent tobacco ; has the reputation of being a very *accommodating* person, always ready to assist the heirs of noblemen and estated gentlemen, who require a temporary command of money. We have heard it said, that the piece of parchment on which for some years his snuff was rubbed up, originally came into the possession of the proprietor as a *post obit.* The doer of the deed broke his neck with the Berkeley Hounds ; and Hudson, determined to make the best of a bad bargain, converted the sheepskin to the use we have named.

ARNET, of Oxford Street ; PAIN, Jermyn Street ; and EDWARDS, of Cannon Street ; also keep respectable dépôts for the sale of snuff, and doubtless many others, worthy of praise. We omit no name from unjust motives ; but it is impossible that our eyes, or nose, should be able to discover *all* the baccy lambs of so wide a plain. Every man has his beat, and ours is “Westward ho !” If, therefore, we appear to have neglected any wise man of the east, let him remember that this is but a touch and go Treatise on Snuff, aspiring to no competition with the London Directory. The

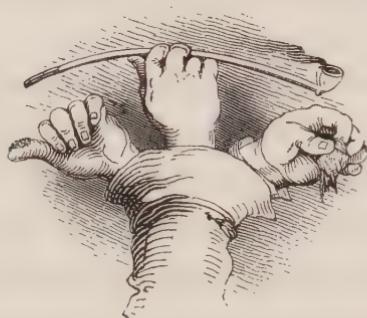
increase of snuff shops, within our own memory, is extraordinary. London contains, we believe, no less than one thousand dealers in tobacco in all its varieties.

The carved figure of a Highlander, varying from the size of life to that of a doll, seems to have usurped the place of the Black Boy, once the chosen insignia of tobacconists. These Scotch gentlemen are usually clad *en militaire*, some of them decorated with the cross of St. Andrew; their scarlet and gold, their kilt and phillibeg, are certainly more pleasing to the eye than the naked figure of a nigger, particularly if the sculptor has done justice to the flat nose, thick lips, and mis-shapen feet, which are essential for a faithful representation of a native of the coast of Guinea.

There is to be seen at a tobacconist's door, near the top of Sloane Street, the effigy of a *female*; but alas, we lament to state, that instead of following the example of "bonny bra' John Highlandman," the lady has a pipe in her mouth; had it been a cigar, it might be mistaken for the portrait of a certain popular actress.

We once saw at Bridgewater a tobacconist's sign, of which we give a *fac simile*.

The couplet beneath described the varied yet congenial employments.



“ We three are engaged all in the same cause,
‘ I snuffs,’ ‘ I smokes,’ and ‘ I chaws.’ ”

The papers in which snuffs were folded used to be adorned with grotesque heads, chiefly African ; and sometimes with your ounce, you got into the bargain a Billy Black riddle, not more applicable to the packet’s contents than the following :—

“ There is a word of plural number,
Foe to peace and gentle slumber ;
But if you add an S to this,
Strange is the metamorphosis ;
Plural is plural then no more,
And sweet what bitter was before.”

Whoever caused this to be printed on the said paper, candidly avowed that there are other cures

for *cares* besides snuff, but seemed to imply that he did not think an occasional pinch rendered a man an unworthy candidate for affection's pure *caress*.

Now and then, however, the charades were more appropriate ; for example :—

“ When what is wicked wastes in blackening flame,
We feel reminded of a favourite name ;
When Spring lends rainbow hues to manhood’s frame,
The act describes a shrine to hold the same.
What deed, what title mean I, friend ? disclose !
And I, as a reward, will pinch thy nose.”

But intellect and refinement, no longer satisfied with marching, now progress at railroad speed. The vendors of tobacco get it puffed by persons of learning and of genius. Some of the original Divan’s papers are brief essays, of the highest character, replete with wit and sentiment.

“ We could, an if we would,” name four celebrated authors (three of them poets, one a lady), whose talents have been exerted in this cause. They are all individuals whose worth, still more than their cleverness, might dignify any habit which they countenance.

Snuff Boxes.

INAPPROPRIATE RECEPTACLES—FRENCH TASTE—CHINESE FOX HUNT—LAURENCE KIRK—JAMES SANDY—CUMNO—CURIOUS BOXES—SARCOPHAGUS—ROBERT BURNS—WILLIAM Pitt — DUKE OF GLOUCESTER — NAPOLEON AND LOUIS XVIII.—GOLD WICKER — DIAMONDS — HOGARTH—MULBERRY TREE—PLATOFF—MOORISH BOX —NELSON'S COFFIN—BARK BOXES—MARIA FOOTE—DIPLOMATIC BOXES—EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA—NINETY—SECOND MULL—SONG.

ALL real devotees to any pursuit insist on it in its simplicity, as did Mrs. Battle, about cards ; a true mourner likes not *Pére la Chaise* ; a fond bridegroom avoids a public wedding. *We* eschew fanciful boxes : be they rich, let them evince fine taste, but distort not the shape; nooks and crannies are cruelly provoking to the fingers, if you come to the last pinch. Well has it been said :—

“ A Scotch mull is an enormity: the well educated nose will be driven to the brink of starvation, ere it will seek relief from a Caledonian asylum.”

Bible boxes are profane inventions. Shells and boats, too, bring tar and fish to the mind's—nose. Shoes—Bah! Toads, coiled snakes, and coffins—worse!

A top lined with mirror betrays unmanly coxcombry. Musical boxes ought never to hold snuff; its subtle grains may choke the machinery, whose airs pay an ill compliment to our subject. He who can only take snuff “to the tune,” don’t deserve any.

Even pictures on lids should be appropriate. Heads of Drake, Columbus, Raleigh, are “more germain to the matter” than Duck shooting, Venus’ doves, Sir Walter Scott. As we would have no gloomy, no terrible images associated with snuff, so we would equally exclude from its presence all that is gross in comedy.

“A bit of *innocent DIRT*,” as it is called, cannot be more out of place than when suggesting its “unsavoury similes” to one who would fain be led by the *nose* to unqualified delights.

Classic pictures, as ornaments to boxes, are quite admissible. There is nothing indecorous in Art’s nudities, *per se*. We only object to what can scarcely be termed a misuse of *Art*; for the subjects, at which we hint, are usually as ill exe-

cuted as ill designed. Leave we such goat and monkeyisms to Papist missals, and Methodist hymn-books. Let them not neutralise the power which snuff is said to possess, of chastening, while it soothes and cheers ; *certes*, at least, by supplying a harmless stimulant to the nerves, it diverts the mind from less creditable excitement. Let not, then, an agreeable garnish of life be brought into disrepute, by being made a pretext for obscenity. Let Sin be the Bottle Imp, but not Jack in the *Box*.

Having waste *paper* enough, shall we desire to raise the sanctuary (*i. e.* the lid), and pitch our evils there ? The abominations in question are revolting to the taste of a true voluptuary. In song or story, wit may half excuse, half veil an ardent thought; language is more indefinite than painting. Those too dull to take a verbal jest, can yet “see what they look upon,” and enjoy low, obvious humour. Unable to reason or reflect, not knowing right from wrong, capable only of “taking the world as it goes,” even if it goes to the devil, these “gentlemen” are no more to be blamed than are irresponsible idiots or maniacs; but they should be shunned by their moral superiors, for their inconsequent carelessness is apt to

realise the worst effects of brutal malice ; what they gloat on, without shame, they take no pains to keep unseen by others. We have known “good sort of fellows,” guiltless of motive as were stumbling pigs, leave their pet boxes where women and children could not fail to see them. Thus infancy might be corrupted, and maidhood shocked. The insult of which one dares not complain, one never forgives ; one would, if possible, revenge fifty years after it was perpetrated.

The late John Scott, with manly British indignation, notices the fact that females in Paris vend *les tabatieres ingenues*, without scruple ; even pointing out their “beauties” to male customers ; and those women, perhaps, nevertheless, chaste spinsters, or faithful wives ! In England, thank Heaven ! many, even of those who have strayed from virtue, retain modesty enough to loathe that species of *cleverness* : luckily a frail woman may resent such a wrong ; and we know of one who said to a would-be gallant—

“ Well, you have offered me a pinch from your box, and now I’ll have a rap at your canister ! ”

So saying, she beat and kicked the ass till it brayed for mercy. If no longer worthy to rank

with honest women, she could, at least, behave more like a man of honour than the exhibitor had done.

A friend of ours had received from China a tortoise-shell box, on which were elaborately carved pagodas, figures, boats, bridges, trees, and birds, such as are seen on genuine old Nankin. He expressed to his friend Captain M——, who traded to Canton, a wish for a box adorned by some British subject; for instance, a fox-hunt, after one of Alkin's popular plates. The Captain offered to take out the engraving; sure that his artist would execute the order with the most implicit fidelity of imitation; for it is well known that the Chinese copy, unquestioningly, faults and all: but there will arise *one* original in a century, even beside the Yellow Sea. This singular dweller within the Great Wall ventured to speculate—to think for himself, though he thought wrong.

When the box was finished, every little hound had a little fox before him; whether the native of the Celestial Empire resolved on proving himself a friend to fair play, or whether he believed the small quadrupeds *all* dogs, though some chose to wear longer bushier *tails* than others

(artist as he was, it was evident he knew nothing of the brush), the gentlemen of England never learnt, for Captain M—— did not examine the box ere he sailed for Europe, and when he returned to China, his carver had vanished ; disposed of, perhaps, by his Mandarin patrons, for having once dared to deviate from the beaten track.

The ridiculous effect he had produced may be imagined, and rendered this unique box a diverting curiosity to all sportsmen.



Here comes what may seem a digression.

Some years since there dwelt at Alyth, on the Isla, in the beauteous shire of Perth, a being, who, though lame from an early age, so as to keep his bed, was gifted by Heaven with a healthful temperament, cheerful mind, active in useful arts, self-taught. The affable, animated expression of his pale features made him a general favourite; a sort of male Lydia White, in humble life.

His home was the mental gossip-shop of the neighbours ; politics and polemics were discussed beside his circular couch, round which ran a platform, about a foot and a-half above the place of rest. This counter was crowded with his working utensils ; on it he constructed turning lathes, clocks, musical and optical instruments, some of them equal to any produced by London and Edinburgh artists. Their exterior elegance and intrinsic merits may be accounted for ; he learnt sympathy from self-pity, and loved to please, in others, the senses he himself could best enjoy.

He drew and engraved accurately ; improved the race of flaxen spinning-jennies ; hatched birds in his own genial bosom, reared, instructed them, and was repaid, not only by their song, but by



The Pickwickians at Lawrence's Cork

their sale; for who could see the crippled mechanist, toiling in his narrow sphere, these feathered children of his, singing on his head and shoulders, without bidding highly for “mavis or merle” so trained?

For more than half a century he quitted his own little circle but thrice; twice when the house was in peril from water, once when it was endangered by fire. Had the elements been of our mind, they would have respected such a nest of scientific resignation. Uninterrupted industry enabled “puir Jamie” to realise a comfortable fortune. ’T is merely added:—

“About three weeks before his death, he *married.*”

Brief, strange, but significant sentence! In spite his versatile talents, and “long experienced time,” he was not practically *wise*. His benevolent heart craved an heir; and one must fear that avarice was the chief inducement of the female, what, or whosoever, to espouse such a being.

There are certainly women sufficiently celestial to let pity, admiration, and respect, inspire them with a kind of love, but not marrying love.

“ ‘Fire, water, women, are men’s ruin,’
Quoth Greek Professor, Vander Bruin.”

The end of James Sandy hints at a similar probability. But who was he? and what has his fate to do with snuff? Why, among his other inventions, that best known is the ingeniously hinged and admirably formed box called the “Lawrence Kirk;” specimens of which were bought and transmitted by Scottish noblemen, as cadeaux to the royal family. They suit dry snuffs better than moist, these are apt to swell and rot the junction at the top; which must require great nicety, in cutting, to be made fit.

Some of the spirited efforts of Sandy’s own graver have been copied as subjects for the lids of boxes made by himself.

PEACE TO HIS DUST!

Since the death of James Sandy, a person named Stivens has manufactured the Lawrence Kirk boxes. There is also a rival maker, residing at Cumnoc.

A party of distinguished men were lately comparing snuff-boxes. One was made from the deck of the Victory; another from a leaf of the table on which Wellington wrote the Waterloo dispatch; a third from Canova’s footstool; a fourth from the rockers of Harry Bishop’s cradle; a fifth from the sign of “The Bear,” Devizes,

'neath which Sir Thomas Lawrence began to paint; Crabbe's cudgel ; Siddon's desk ; the root of an olive tree in the Alhambra ; the stole of a laurel at Vaucluse. All these had been "seen or heard of," as materials for boxes. An incredulous exaggerator present trumped these wonders, by boasting that he himself possessed one, certainly somewhat worm-eaten, which was turned from a section of the tiller of Noah's ark ; when an inglorious Mr. Dismal, an unlucky body, who had lost his way, and had no business there, sounded his passing-bell tongue above his wet blanket cravat :—

" I have some boxes, much more interesting and valuable than any you have mentioned ; one made from the flooring of the garret where that remarkable idiot, Smith, was confined ; another out of old Elwes' money-box ; and a third from the door of Mrs. Brownrigg's coal-hole, in which she hid the 'prentices she beat to death. But my favourite is worth all the rest put together ; 'tis a genuine bit of plank from the Red Barn, at Poldstead, with Corder's shots and Maria Martin's blood distinctly visible."

What an anti-climax ! Like that of Doctor D—, who, while "Sir Walter" was dealing forth

romance and chivalry, at Mathews's, bawled across the table,

“Mrs. T——y, we've weaned little Caroline!”

If the father suckled her, and she dies of consumption, then is there no virtue in asses' milk!

A humorist of our acquaintance has on his mantel-piece a Sarcophagus of black marble, on which an inscription is carved in bold relief—



This has no reference either to the martyred daughter of the Centurion, or to the shipwrecked Mademoiselle de la Tour, but contains some very tolerable snuff, which he obtained whilst visiting America.

On the death of Mr. Bacon, a publican, who kept a celebrated posting-house at Brownhill,

twelve miles north of Dumfries, his effects were sold. The snuff-box of the departed landlord was amongst the lots : a shilling was bid for it. The people present observed that it was not worth two-pence ; and the lot was about to be knocked down, when the auctioneer, glancing at an inscription on the lid, read aloud,

“ ROBERT BURNS, OFFICER OF THE EXCISE.”

An instant competition arose, as to who should possess this relic of the bard : it was finally disposed of for five pounds.

It was made of the tip of a horn, the point of which was curled ; its lid was mounted in silver.

Bacon had been the intimate associate and boon companion of Robert : they had, many a time and oft, snuffed from this mull ; and in some toddy-steeped moment, when

“ Rob luvit him like ony brither,”

Bacon had been presented with the Poet’s pocket companion, as a token to keep alive his memory that

“ They had been fou for weeks thegither.”

'The tops that such minstrel-fingers have lifted,
become

" Sweeter than the *lids* of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath."

Shortly after the breaking out of the French revolution, its advocates denounced our Premier as "an enemy to the human race ;" that man, "so easy to live with ;" who sung the song about himself, called "Billy Pitt, the Tory." His secretary one day told him that a foreigner, who spoke English tolerably well, had twice or thrice asked to see him ; but, not looking like a proper applicant, had been sent away ; the great man's time being too precious for him to admit every stranger, who, on frivolous pretexts, might seek to gratify an idle curiosity : but this person had said he should return in an hour ; the secretary, therefore, thought it his duty to inform Mr. Pitt of such intention ; and ask his further orders in the affair.

" Have the goodness," said the minister, " to open the top left-hand drawer in that cabinet, and bring me its contents."

These were a pair of pistols, and a morocco case ; opening the latter, he produced a snuff-box, in which was set a portrait.



T. Collier 1816

The Whig Club

“ Is that like our visitor ? ” asked Mr. Pitt.

“ It is the man, sir,” answered the secretary.

“ Ha, I have expected him for some days ; he is sent over to assassinate me ; so, when he calls again, let him be shewn up.”

“ Sir ! ” exclaimed the attached retainer, “ will you expose to danger your life, on which so much depends ? ”

“ There will be no danger, I thank you ; but you may be within call, if you please.”

Accordingly the Frenchman, on his return, was ushered into the room where William Pitt sat alone. A loaded pistol in one hand, the minature in the other.

“ Monsieur Mehée de la Touche,” he said calmly, “ you see I am, in every way, prepared for you : thanks to an agent employed by *this* government. Attempt my life, and your own instantly pays the forfeit. At best, I shall have you secured, and given over to the law.”

The intended assassin stood paralysed and stricken dumb by this coolness.

“ But,” continued Pitt, “ there is another alternative ; personal safety and high rewards are in your power. Sell your secret services to Great Britain ; make your market of whatever i.forma-

tion you can procure, that may guard us against the machinations of your country ; be, in fact, one of the necessary evils which policy forces us to use in desperate cases ; do what no honourable man could do, to save yourself from speedy death ; your conscience is stained by intended murder. Comply, perforce, with these conditions, and you shall be as liberally paid, as you must, by all parties, be justly despised."

The secretary used to repeat his illustrious master's words, which were, as nearly as possible, to the foregoing effect.

The clever miscreant joyfully accepted these terms ; and, for many years, earned the bribes of a spy in our behalf.

Observe, a snuff-box was the safest medium for the warning portrait ; as fancy heads frequently adorn such a thing ; while, had the miniature been set as a locket, whoever saw it, must have been sure that it depicted some real individual, and might have embarrassed Pitt by question or surmise, before the crisis at which such could be satisfied with security.

One *night*, during Fanny Kemble's *day*, she was in the midst of some scene, requiring "a pin-drop silence," "an awful attention." Fancy it

that one in “The Hunchback,” where *Master Walter* says to *Julia*—

“Here is pen, ink, and paper; sit down and write!”

(The Dramatist’s self gave this, in the be-brogued elocution which he teaches.) She could not well write without some such materials.

Well, it was the rule of the house to be mute, and eagerly watch the expressions of those two classic, unaffected, elegant, and amiable physiognomies; all was hushed, when THUMP! came one tremendous thunder-clap from the double drum. Could there be found in any orchestra a tambourgi so sacrilegiously impolitic as to have done this *par malice*? the upper-lip of the manager’s daughter seemed curlingly to enquire; while “the modern Shakspere” stared in utter botherment.

This was “the work of a moment.” The white head of an elderly gentleman popped from a private box, right over the sonorous parchment.

“No matter! never mind, never mind!” he cried good naturally; nobody *did* mind, save the hero and heroine, for now the elderly gentleman, before unnoticed, was recognised, and the shout was—

“Duke of Gloucester! God save the King!
Duke of Gloucester!”

The good Prince William rose, then, as some one ran up with his little property,

“ Made a low bow, and *tapped* the ransomed *box* ;

owing his reception to his own short-sighted *mala-droitness*. Whether the national anthem was sung or not, the feeling of the scene was entirely destroyed. Abbot himself could not have turned tragedy into farce with more royal irresponsibility. Bless his Highness’s memory !

Parisian fickleness has often betrayed itself in the ornaments of snuff-boxes. While Napoleon throve, his head was the chief beautification of their tops. On the first restoration of the Bourbons, the ex-imperial visage was banished even from *that* station. Every tobacconist’s window displayed the face of Louis le Désirée ; but Bonapartists, who were in the Elba secret, scented their snuffs with the *real* spirit of violet ; and would beat up for recruits, by asking significantly, “ Do you love this perfume ? ”

If they were understood, and by other adorers of *Le Petit Caporal*, the reply would be—

“ Yes, I long for the spring, when the flower now faded shall again wear the purple : and when its breath shall be felt, even farther than its colours can be seen.”

A worthy old lady, who had been presented with what she imagined a silver gilt box of the wicker pattern, wished to have the donor's name, date, &c. &c., engraved on it, and commissioned us to transact the business, saying, that as such process would disturb the gilding, she would have the whole rewashed, at her own expense. This the tradesman employed promised to do ; but when called on to be paid, and restore the box, had only to receive the price of lettering on solid gold.

This was an agreeable surprise to the owner, who was not one of whom, in any other sense, it might be said,

“ She does not know the *value* of a snuff-box.”

One of the most popular authors of the day was employed, some few years ago, to write the life of a distinguished officer. The publisher paid the biographer a liberal sum, and as the work became popular, both parties had reason to be gratified.

The general's widow, who had, during the progress of the memoir, supplied valuable documents and desirable information, expressed her complete satisfaction at the able manner in which a subject, so dear to her, had been treated ; and shortly,

after the appearance of the volumes, sent a note of thanks to the writer, begging him to accept a snuff-box, as a token of her regard. On the arrival of the billet, and its accompanying Morocco case, the gentleman addressed observed,

“ Well, since the dear old Lady B—— could not rest without sending me some token, I wish she had chosen any thing but a snuff-box, I have such a collection already. I suppose people think it right to send me boxes, because I never take snuff. I wish it had been a Meerschaum, or a Hookah; because I do love ‘backy that way.’”

Saying this, he put the note and crimson case into a drawer.

Just previous to going to bed, he suddenly recollected the gift which had arrived at noon.

“ I may as well see what the box is made of; tortoise-shell, mother of pearl, Mosaic, silver, or gold.”

The drawer was opened, and the neglected case produced; the top was lifted, and the vision of the hitherto incurious absolutely dazzled by the radiance that burst upon his view: a space, containing certainly not less than five inches long, and three broad, covered with diamonds of the first water, and brilliants of sparkling lustre. The

device represented a ship of war attacking a castle ; the marine architecture, the walls of the fortress, the waves, the rocks, the guns, the smoke, the sky, all made of diamonds ! The workmanship was certainly rude ; but then the value of the material was such as to rob you of all power for hypercriticism. The owner was, of course, delighted with the gift, and not a little pleased at his having first looked upon his acquisition by candle light.

Some time since a gentleman sent his box to a working jeweller for repair ; the embossed frame which surrounded the lid, had become loose. The box was of silver ; plain in its shape, but ornamented on the top with a group of figures, somewhat after the manner of Watteau, engraved upon the plate.

Upon removing the border, it was found necessary to take the upper part of the box entirely to pieces. While minutely inspecting the landscape and figures, the jeweller perceived, at the edge of the plate, which had been concealed by its frame, the name of William Hogarth. This naturally excited his attention ; and he mentioned the circumstance to a neighbour, whom he knew to be thoroughly conversant with all matters of

art. It was suggested by this gentleman that a few impressions of the subject should be taken off, as he knew a great Hogarthian collector, and he might probably obtain something for the ingenious workman, who had a large family to support by one pair of hands. Some twenty copies were printed on India paper, the plate restored to its original destination ; but so soldered and rivetted to the exterior embossing, as to prevent the possibility of its ever again being subjected to the process of the printing press.

The circumstances of the case were communicated, the twenty copies shewn to the collector, Mr. W——, and their price demanded. Five pounds were named, and immediately paid. Mr. W—— then carefully examined his purchase, selected the best impression, and threw the remaining nineteen into the fire, exclaiming,

“ Now I have in my possession a unique work of my idol’s. No man can boast that he has a copy of this *fête champetre* but myself, and I would not part with it for fifty pounds.”

His feelings were less enviable than those of the person who had enabled him to possess this treasure. With what delight did he hand over the five pounds to the honest workman, whose

gratitude was equal to his surprise at such an unexpected God-send.

The passion for destroying what is valuable, in order to monopolise, instead of diffusing pleasure and information, is the vice of a virtuoso, and a proof of imperfect knowledge in a connoisseur.

Of the Mulberry tree planted by Shakspere, many snuff-boxes were formed; *so* many, said to be genuine, were in use soon after Garrick's Jubilee, that had they been collected, they would have formed a pile as high as the pyramid of Gizeh.

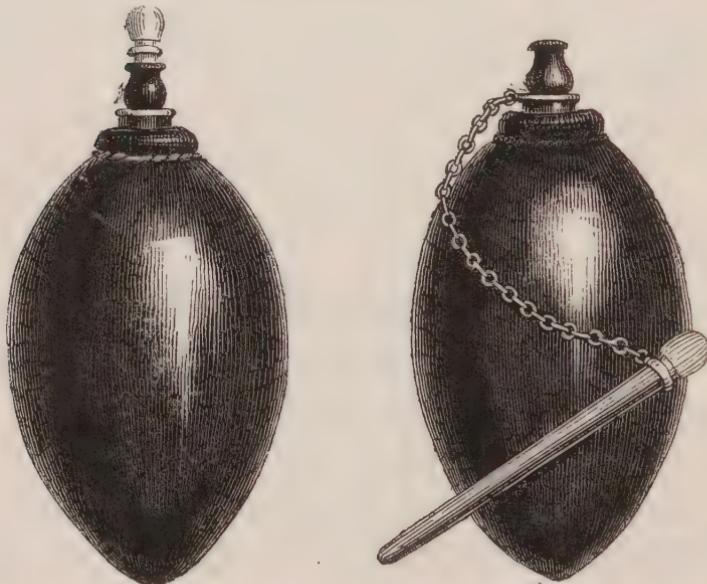
If the quantity of false mulberry-wood boxes, sold as real, had the effect of proving an increasing veneration for the bard, the fabricators are fortunate—therefore, of course, pardonable: but it is easier to purchase a fashionable article, and to rave about an universally celebrated man, than to comprehend the claims and merits of either one or the other.

We owe the friendship of a literary traveller, Captain C. Rochefort Scott (author of “*Egypt and Candia*,” “*Ronda and Granada*,” &c.), the loan of a Moorish snuff-holder, we cannot call it a box, of which we add a sketch. Its form *has* been compared to that of a cocoa-nut shell; we never

saw either the outward husk, or inner shell of the cocoa-nut, so regular, smooth, and pointed, at the lower extremity. This rather pear-shaped wooden bottle is of ebony; its long stopper and stirrer of ivory attached by a silver chain to its narrow neck. Thence, the simple, but good, Barbary snuff, made at Tetuan, is jerked into a valley formed between the roots of the forefinger and thumb, closed for the purpose, as we see done very frequently by the Scotch. “Fat puds,” our friend says, “cannot realise the reservoir.”

Fig. 1, represents the box stopt.

Fig. 2, the ivory stirrer, taken from the neck.



The article which we copy, were fitter for liquid perfumes than for ground tobacco, even if dry and fine. Give us open surfaces, that afford fair finger-room for taking a deep, wide, silky, graceful pinch. The hand has a feeling in its work, and ought not to be denied its well-earned share of pleasure. We manage better in a Christian land.

When Platoff landed at Dover, in 1814, the Reverend Henry R—— was among the gentlemen who waited on the Hetman at the Ship Hotel. Those who have seen him, or Lawrence's picture of him, can never forget the frank simplicity of his noble face. R—— looked less like a clergyman than a stalwart squire. Platoff and himself exchanged pinches, conversing in French : the gallant *étranger* proposed their exchanging boxes also ; but, of two valuable *tubatières*, *his* happened to be the *most* so ; and R——, with English matter of fact “ scruposity,” declined the offer : had Platoff's been of horn, and *his* of gold, set with diamonds, he would have jumped at the chance of thus purchasing for his children such a legacy ; but his mind, though liberal, was not sufficiently cosmopolitish to defy the fear of being suspected as prizing the box from sordid

motives, more than for the sake of its first possessor's glory.

We remember, soon after the remains of Nelson were consigned to the grave, at St. Paul's (we suppose, just because his battle-cry was "Victory, or a tomb in Westminster Abbey!") seeing a box, made of heart of oak, covered with velvet and ornaments, exactly resembling those of the coffin which contained all that was mortal of the hero. This we think in bad taste: surely respect for a great man's memory may be better evinced than by parading a model of his coffin; besides, as we have elsewhere observed, such a shaped vehicle is not the thing for snuff.

Boxes that represented a slice out of the arm of a tree, were very fashionable; the grain of the wood, and barky edge, had an agreeable and (Burlington) Arcadian effect.

We used to think the head of Maria Foote an inappropriate ornament for a snuff-box, as she was no relation to Lundy; but since she has married the snuffiest peer of the realm, the former fate of her portrait seems to have been prophetic. Few men can equal Lord Harrington in purity of taste, or soundness of judgment, as far as *snuff* is concerned.

Boxes of Dresden china, ornamented with exquisite groups of flowers, were once very fashionable ; but the snuff becomes speedily dry in these pretty toys ; and the same objection exists to those formed of tortoise-shell, shagreen, silver, or gold.

A consumer of Lundy Foot is privileged to “wear” any of these ; the foregone objection does not apply to dry snuffs ; but those boxes should be plain in pattern : fillagree, or delicately embossed designs, will soon spoil, by the grains getting into the fine work.

We recollect to have seen a very simple, though extremely valuable box, in the possession of the late Lord Muskerry. It was made from a splendid specimen of Heliotrope (Blood-stone). The trough carved out of a solid block, and the lid joined by plain gold hinges.

We have a decided admiration for Mosaic-topped boxes ; but they should only be used on gala days. The orthodox snuff-taker will be known by his contenting himself with *Papier maché*, the very best material, though “potatoes is one !”

Of the importance of snuff-boxes, as the means of keeping up friendly relations with foreign

powers, we need only quote, from the account of sums expended at the coronation of George IV., the following entry :

“ Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, for snuff-boxes for foreign ministers - - - £ 8205 15s. 5d.”

How, in so large an outlay, the paltry addition of fifteen shillings and five-pence arose, we cannot surmise; but we presume the odd sum looked more business-like than round numbers, amongst the other items.

On the ratification of the treaty of Paris, in 1815, the Emperor of Austria evinced the most lively desire to repossess himself of the Venetian horses, those splendid specimens of Lysippus’s* art, which, during “the high and palmy state” of Napoleon, had served as trophies of his Italian victories, and ornamented the Arch of Triumph in the *Carousel*. But Francis, fearful that his own people would perform the task of removing these

* We have used the popular name of the artist, although we are well aware that, “The tradition which ascribed the horses of the church of Saint Mark, at Venice, to Lysippus, is believed to be without foundation. They were originally brought from Chios, by the younger Theodosius; and were probably the work of some ancient artist of that island.”—*The Townley Gallery, Vol. 1. London, 1836.*

precious antiques in a bungling manner, obtained from the Duke of Wellington the assistance of a company of the Royal Staff corps. That they should not be interrupted in their operations, which the Emperor had reason to dread, from the excited state of the Parisian mob, he determined that a large body of cavalry should be employed to clear the *Place Caroussel*.

The arrival of a hundred Red-jackets, with ropes, poles, ladders, and various implements, had served as the signal for surrounding the arch with a dense concourse of people. The Englishmen remained perfectly quiet, though assailed by a thousand questions, and over-hearing the most violent threats, that “if the foreigners, who had invaded the sacred territory of France, dared to touch the Venetian trophy, the brave Parisians would rise *en masse*, and scatter to the winds, in a quarter of an hour, or twenty minutes at the utmost, Alexander, Francis, Blucher, Wellington, and their followers.”

Whilst “*sacres*” abounded in all their varieties, the sound of trumpet was heard at a slight distance. A column of Austrian cavalry slowly advanced, as though on their way to some other quarter of Paris; when part of this

body had passed the arch, the column broke into two; one half facing to the right, the other to the left; and these lines advanced at the same calm pace, the brave mob retreating before them, at about the same ratio of speed that their countrymen had fled from Waterloo, on the evening of the 18th of June of that very year; an occasion on which they will not confess they were beaten, but acknowledge that they made a retrograde movement.

The Englishmen speedily performed their allotted task, in workman-like manner :* and now follows the reason why mention has been made of the event here. No sooner were the bronze horses under watch and ward of the Austrians, than the Emperor sent one of his *Etat Major* to the officer commanding the Staff corps party with a snuff-box, having a circle of diamonds round the rim, and the letter F formed of the same brilliant material. The two subalterns had boxes also presented, with the initial only in diamonds. It may be as well to add, that the mu-

* The author of that clever work, “ Cogitations of a Vagabond” (a military traveller), substantiates this account, and also laments the fact, that the King of the French “ is a very bad tobacconist.”

nificence of the Emperor was not confined to the commissioned officers ; serjeants and corporals were rewarded with a Napoleon, and each of the privates received a five-franc piece.

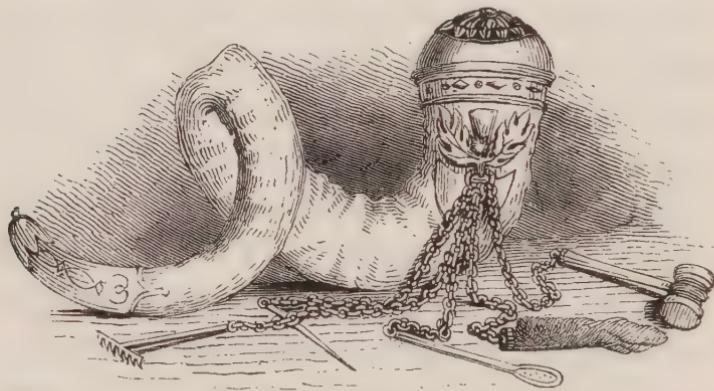
Although we have elsewhere spoken in disparagement of mulls, we must make an exception in the case of the splendid receptacles for snuff, placed on table after dinner, at messes of Scotch regiments.

The gallant 92nd had a pair of these superb horns, mounted in silver, with the usual appendages of rake, shovel, hammer, and hare's foot, fastened by chains of the same metal. We confess we never saw the shovel lifted to the nostrils of any one of the brave Gordon Highlanders, nor their noses freed from snuff by the hare's foot ; though there are people malicious enough to assert, that for such intentions they are attached to the magazine. If such were really the case, we hope that there existed a by-law, forbidding the application of the foot during the prevalence of the influenza. Might not poker and tongs be added to the aforesaid service of plate ?

The lids of these two regimental mulls were ornamented with a pair of brilliant Cairngorums ; and we remember being somewhat amused with

the observation of an Hibernian visitor, who, after hearing how these highly-polished Caledonian gems were called, rejoined,

“ Be dad, then, you may say what you like in praise of your Scotch Carum Gorums, they ’re nothing at all, aither in size or brilliancy, to be compared to some that I quarry, on my own domain, and they are called Irish Harum Scarums.” Simple mulls are merely horns with, *one* crook in their lot; but that with a transcript of which we present our readers, was so convolved as to be far more ornamental than useful.



We will add a few more lines on this part of the subject, before we proceed to some fresh feature, and hope our readers will like our

Song.

Pass the box, since 'tis in favour,
And let *me* to *you* make known,
What bestows its “comely savour,”
'T is a compound of my own.

But its present taste 's no fixture ;
Sentiment for ever blends
New attractions with my mixture,
Fav'rite snuffs of fav'rite friends.

'Neath its simple lid there linger
Memories of scenes divine ;
Many a dear and glorious finger—
Yes, 't is filled with—auld lang syne !
Smacks of Transatlantic jokers,
Valiant Scots, and Irish drolls,
Paris wits, and Flemish smokers,
And of home's congenial souls.

Parsons staunch, and great physicians
Here have dipped the “immortal Thumb,”
Painters, sculptors, sweet musicians,
Round it still, like phantoms, come.
Gentle poets, legal railers,
Play-wrights, actors, merchants, squires,
Lords and ladies, soldiers, sailors,
Here had all the nose desires.

Pinches round ! ay, charge your fingers !
To their memories, or health,
O'er the past he gaily lingers
Who hath little present wealth.
Hope at every pinch is ready,
Snuffs far joy, the sight that mocks,
Friendship, then, be prudent, steady,
Help yourself, and pass the box !



Snuff Taking.

SNUFF A TELL-TALE—DUCHESSE DE BERRI—NOSE HUNGER—STOLEN PINCH—PLEDGING IN SNUFF—SNEEZING—CATULLUS—COWLEY—AN-UPSET—ROBBERY—MADNESS—EXECUTION—HOW TO SMOOTH SNUFF—STAGE SNUFF—TEST OF LOVE—A TAKER'S COURTESY—MATABATIERE—LONGEVITY—A BLACK PINCH—SURRENDER TO SNUFF—PUPILS' BRIBERY—A DISINFECTOR—BLOOMFIELD—LATE SITTINGS—DELIBERATE AIM—EXTRACT—AIRING SNUFF—ATTITUDES—NOSES—“BOTTLE, GRECIAN, SNUB, OR ROMAN”—THE HAND-KERCHIEF—PATTERNS—A SLIP OF THE TONGUE.

SNUFF should not be taken by those who have aught to conceal; therefore, to its lovers it breathes a moral lesson. “My Lord Dooke,” in “High Life below Stairs,” is betrayed by his Rappeé; the Duchesse de Berri’s hiding place was revealed by a few grains which the gentleman who helped her down the trap had left upon the floor; yet snuff is not so hazardous as smoking. The Romeo who courts between his whiffs will assuredly leave a breathing evidence on his lady’s

attire, by which opposing parties will smell out his suit ; whereas, had he been content with snuff, the secret might have been kept in the box.

I have seen fantasies charge a rose with snuff, and take it from the leaves. Now this is unfair on two good things ; a base subterfuge for blending perfume with tobacco ; and a dirty plan, too ; as, unless the pinch be conducted by thumb and finger to the nostrils, it must be scattered round the nose and mouth. The added pleasure gained is doubtful and illegitimate ; to rose the snuff, or snuff the rose, “is wasteful and ridiculous excess.”

Those who have never felt nose hunger may question its agony ; it resembles that of exile ; it is “just like love,” or the recent loss of one’s right hand, or being locked out or *in* ; or sleepiness, with the inability to rest ; or the ugly dreams of night-mare ; or an expectant lady’s longing for a breast of boiled Phœnix. The blind, the deaf and dumb, may sympathise with the nose hungry ; or those who have forgotten some name, which every instant seems on the tip of the tongue, and yet is not. All is despondency, bewilderment, irritation ; nor will, nor pride, nor reason, can have any power. The celebrated Gahagan’s Vizier might say, “mildly,” “Yock Muzzy, my

nose is off!" Had it been *on*, and starving, mildness were out of nature ; he must have stolen from his poorest friend, or begged of his deadliest foe, in order to relieve that fierce yet stupifying desire, which makes a rich man feel all one want, a tall man, of " delicatest" profile, nothing but one achingly voracious nose !

An aspirant for patronage, on paying his first visit to a great man, whom he hoped to conciliate, discovered that, in his haste, he had left his box behind him ; to return for it were ruinous to punctuality. If a tobacconist's shop lay in his route, he could hardly spare a moment, had not the means of purchasing a box, and as for carrying in paper what he dared not enjoy, that were but mocking his own misery ; he felt sure that his address, his confidence would fail him, that he should totter on a yawn at every breath ; he passed a squalid, featureless object, and envied her ; why had he " been to the promontory ? "

A nose, though Roman, must still be fed,

And not e'en snubs can live on flowers.

His was now but a " bridge of sighs."

Arriving, he was shewn into an apartment, and told that " My Lord would be with him in a minute or two." He might have spared himself,

then, the hurry which had doomed him to “ fast in fire.” Thus pondered he, when, on the mantel-piece, he beheld a snuff-box ! It might be empty ; hope and fear could not endure suspense : he raised the lid : it was full ! Looking round, to guard against spies, he took a pinch. His soul, late transported to the Virginian plantations, came back to him, laden with perspicuous eloquence. He met his Lordship with a grace ; got the thing he went for ; and when the polite Peer tendered his box, saying :—

“ If ever you do this silly thing, try my mixture.”

With what cool ease did the applicant reply,—

“ I certainly—now and then—”

“ But I see you carry no box ; accept one of mine ; and let me fill it for you.”

Oh, what a heavenly walk home !

Cleopatra talks of “ a lover’s pinch.” Imagination and sentiment may make anything poetical. A youth of genius, who took snuff medicinally, was Platonically enamoured of the beauteous, mental, and excellent wife to a very jealous moralist. This lady liked to be liked by people of talent ; she could not look repulsively at those who meant no harm. Her adorer used to see her

from a distance, in huge and crowded rooms. Their look-dialogues were mutually intelligible.

One night the Petrarch had taken with him to such a scene a most excruciating headache ; retreat he could not ; while she seemed more archly appreciating than ever. An occasional reinforcement from his box would enable him to sit it out cheerily. But while those eyes were on him, he dared not betray the humiliating fact, that he had inclinations less ethereal than that he cherished for his idol. Every time he hoped to steal a pinch—flash ! the twin sapphires “entered his soul” again ; and he felt as if in danger of being caught picking another man’s pocket, instead of his own.

She noticed his pitiable fidget with a comic frown, but comprehended not its cause, till, at last, she actually saw the *half* visible box hastily re-concealed by its bearer.

“ And what did she then ? ” would continue the worshipper, in a Roger de Coverley strain.

“ Sir ! ’t is a witch, a very goddess ; the tact, the benevolence, of that ingenious, ready-witted angel ! — Keeping her place directly fronting me, she beckoned to a male relative of hers ; by her

serious pantomime, I guessed that she was pretending a headache; he produced his box; she looked at me, motioning, invisibly to others, that I should take out mine.

“Simpleton, to shame in such a harmless trifle,” said her smile.

I obeyed, all happy tremor; she took a pinch, wordlessly bidding me do the same; and, as that most graceful hand approached those Canovan nostrils, she gently *bowed*, absolutely pledging me in snuff; perhaps inconveniencing herself, to oblige her slave, for she really sneezed, and shook her curls upbraidingly at me. She has done a million acts of charity, but never one so gratefully valued as that of privileging me to take snuff in her presence. When my prayers invoke blessings on her head, I never omit to wish her some stupendous recompense, proportionate, if possible, to the delicate, prompt, gratuitous bounty, which made her Grecian profile prove its pity for my clumsy feature.”

This thankful and reverend youth may some day publish the whole of his amourette. He will, however, pardon a friend for forestalling one little anecdote, that glorifies and sanctions the use of snuff.

Sneezing, it is well known, was one of the Plague's first symptoms, and led some physicians to suppose that disease infectious by air, not contagious by touch. Italians cried "*Viva!*" and Britons, "God bless you!" to their friends who sneezed; hoping good wishes might prove charms against "the spotted pestilence." These customs have a fair chance of outliving their cause.



In earlier, happier times, Catullus attached a different idea to the act of sneezing. In his Ode of Acme and Septimius, best translated by Cowley, he makes a sneeze a godlike ratification of mortal vows. The lover swears "most pretty things" to his acme of perfection :—

“ The God of Love, who stood to hear him,
(The God of Love was always near him),
Pleased and tickled with the sound,
Sneezed aloud ; and all around,
The little loves, that waited by,
Bowed, and blest the augury.”

The lady protests in *her* turn :—

“ She spoke ; the God of Love aloud
Sneezed again ; and all the crowd
Of little Loves, that waited by,
Bowed, and blest the augury.
This good omen, thus from heaven,
Like a happy signal given—”

confirmed their mutual choice, and united the fair couple for life.

No doubt the platonic swain, to whom we have just alluded, bore this poem in mind, and blest his shrine’s propitious breathing.

The inveteracy of habit is more ludicrously, yet more innocently evinced by snuff takers, than by any other slaves to acquired tastes, and second natures. Let not the following traits be deemed exaggerations—they are truths.

An outside traveller, thrown from the coach top, upon a road-side bank, was instantly beset by queries as to whether or no he was much hurt. He did not look so—yet, gazing into the liquid mud before him, he groaned,—

“ Yes, in the tenderest part.”

“ Where, Sir ?”

“ My nose—’tis running down the kennel.”

“ Poor man, he’s light headed,” cried an old dame.

“ Not yet, but soon shall be,” he sighed, picking up his empty Lawrence kirk, and pointing to the gutter, into which its treasures were upset.

What were all his bones to one bereaved piece of cartilage ?

You take my *nose* when you do take the *snuff* that keeps my *nose*.

The good woman understood his case, and offered him a *screw* of Scotch, for which he forced on her half a crown.

“ Lord love ye, Sir,” said she, “ why it’s not worth a penny.”

“ Not my life! good mother? I tell you, you have saved my very soul.”

And he went on his way rejoicing.

In the days of highwaymen, a gentleman was robbed by one of these adventurers, of—among other valuables—a gold and jewelled box; hitherto he had yielded with resignation; even now his only appeal was,—

“ Take away that bauble, and welcome; but,

as you are a Christian, have the mercy to let me keep the snuff!"

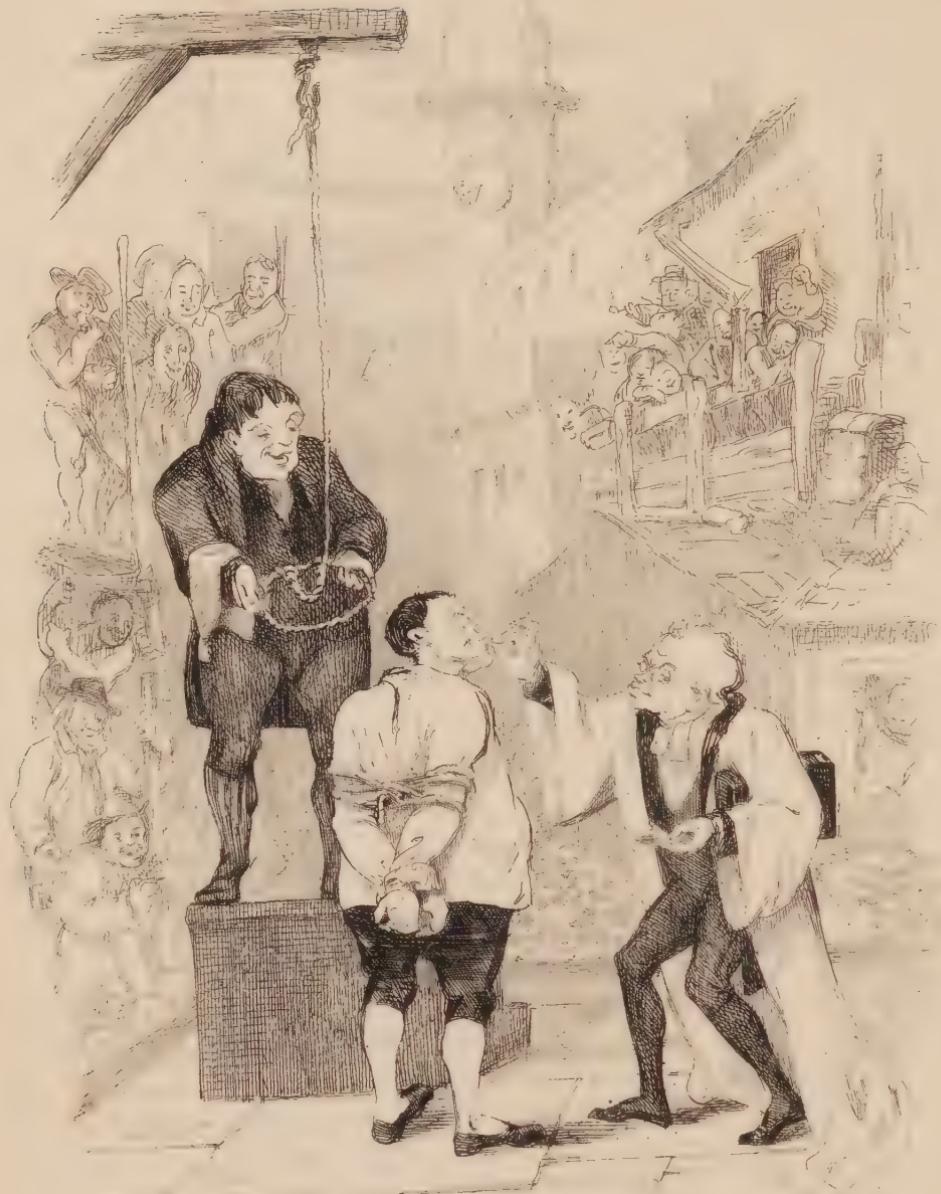
The thief magnanimously contented himself with its costly urn, and gave back to its rightful owner what was to him more precious than the golden sands of Pactolus.

The favourite taste will be remembered even in madness. A good woman who had always been passionately addicted to snuff was driven Methodist-mad. In her asylum, whenever her arms were free, she would employ them as if working at a mill, with this unvarying profession :—

"I'm grinding snuff for the Twelve Apostles."

She thought she could not better prove her gratitude than by supplying them with the refreshments she most admired.

We do not record this truth in an irreverent mood. Your unco-righteous, whether confined as lunatics, or permitted to perform Bedlam broke loose, to the horror of sane moral believers, take liberties with sacred names, which no decent atheist (if there be such a thing), would dare to imitate. Whereas, we have heard orthodox men, on enjoying a pinch, utter, "That's a comfort!" in a tone that sounded quite fit for a Grace after snuff.



Ching-shih-chih

One of the most forcible illustrations of the ruling passion strong in death was related to us by Sir H. W——, and came under his notice whilst serving the office of sheriff.

A clergyman attending a culprit on the scaffold, after the usual prayers, asked, as a matter of course,—

“ And now, ere I bid you farewell, is there anything I can do for you, my poor soul ? ”

“ Yes, sir,” answered the pinioned one eagerly, “ you can be of the greatest comfort to me ; just put your hand in my waistcoat pocket, you will find a paper of snuff ; do open it, and give me a pinch. I can’t help myself. I ’d do as much for you if you was in my situation, and I shall feel obliged to you as long as I live.”

The good divine vexed not a parting soul by saying anything about the sin and folly of such request at such a moment, nor the unfitness of the office proposed for one of his cloth, He administered this last consolation, and, as he retired, heard the condemned sinner exclaim,

“ Now I ’m happy ! ”

A moment more, and as the newspapers say, he was “ launched into eternity.”

A tobacconist, in the west of England, was in

the habit of supplying with an occasional “bit of snuff,” a poor fellow, who had seen better days. One night, as his humble box was being filled, an exquisite, lounging in the shop, said gaily,—

“ So, gaffer, even *you* indulge in this expensive, unnecessary, idle custom, eh ? ”

“ I ’ve little time for idleness, Sir,” replied the old man ; “ and I ’ve tried to look on it as *not* among the necessaries of life, but I can’t ; as to the expense, a little lasts me long ; and my friend here—I don’t mind his winks nor frowns—he will never let me pay ! ”

“ Ha ! on your recommendation, I ’ll deal nowhere else in future ; only he must condescend to let *me* pay. But, brother of the box, your snuff is lumpy ; what’s your plan for *velvetizing* it, umph ? ”

“ I rub it up in parchment, Sir ; one of my uncle’s old commissions.”

“ Well enough, but takes time and space ; best way to put either your gold or your silver into the box. Then, as you walk, the grains are separated by friction ; besides, those metals, especially the best of ‘em, improve the flavour : try ! ”

“ When I *can*, ” returned the other simply.

The shopkeeper's eye happened, for a moment, to be off the pair, or seemed so.

"Pooh," cried the dandy, taking the plain box, and concealing a coin in the snuff. "Put it in your waistcoat, jog home, and see if things are not smoother!"

He bounded into his cabriolet, and drove off ere the creature he had advised could evince his honest pride.

"To be sure," he sighed to the tobacconist, "a shabby fellow, like me, must not be airified; every shilling I *earn* is welcome, but I wish the gentleman had not thrust one on me, for nothing, from mere pity, delicately as he did it."

"Why," said his friend slyly, "your box would not hold a crown, nor even a half crown, so just see whether that joker has given you a bad six-pence, or a farthing."

The specimen of our realm's currency was brought to light; it proved a guinea! Happy and grateful was the poor snuffer, almost as delighted was the snuff-giver; as for the fop, he went to a party, and thought no more about such a trifle *then*—but may he remember it on his death-bed!

On the stage, when snuff is to be upset, coffee is used as its substitute, that the sneezing may be

but simulated ; even the coffee is usually thrown so as to make a great show on the white parts of a dress, but not to approach the eyes.

An actor, however, playing *Lackland*, in Bath, five and twenty years ago, flung real snuff into the face of the good lady who was admirably performing *Widow Casey*—by which, between pain and fright, she was thrown into hysterics, and forced to grope her blinded way off the stage. Her brethren and sisters sympathised with the disgust beneath which—

“ She felt the influence of malignant *star*.”

We do not believe the “gentleman” is a snuff-taker ; he does not *look* as if he *ought* to be one.

Another connexion between Snuff and “Our moral feelings, Mr. Buskin,” occurs to our memory.

A hero vowing to his nymph that “there was *nothing* within human power which he would not do at her bidding,” she simply asked,—

“ Will you leave off snuff ? ”

“ Snuff ! ” replied the devotee to his box, “what service could my resigning so blameless a pleasure do *you* ? ”

“ It would assure me of your sincerity.”

“ Then I will *try*—but—”

“ By abstaining from it while with me, you think to content me ; when we are married, you will resume it before my face.”

“ No, I shall really endeavour to break myself of it, and will give you a true account of the degrees by which I do so, if at first I should be obliged, now and then, to transgress a *little*.”

Well, try he did, and candidly avowed his occasional slips, till, by the time he was a bridegroom, he could be satisfied with a very moderate portion.

The morning after this union, his wife presented him with a handsome box full of choice snuff, saying,—

“ Up to yesterday it was becoming in you to do your best towards obliging me, and you did. Henceforth it will be my *duty* to *obey* you, to conform with your tastes, and to humour your very foibles—while you have none worse than your present well regulated liking for snuff.”

That liking, however, the lady never acquired, which makes her amiable toleration almost meritorious.

The courteous desire of snuff-takers to communicate and diffuse their own favorite pleasure is sometimes comically illustrated; but what ever renders us amiable should be quizzed gently even when it renders us ridiculous.

In the library of a west country manor house is an excellent portrait, the size of life, representing a nice old lady, in the act of closing her enamelled snuff box. An abstracted and kind hearted visitor, gazing for the first time, on this triumph of art, so thoroughly forgot that it was not nature, as to extend his own box towards it with a bow, saying,—

“ Honor *mine* by tasting it, dear Madam!”

A fair snuff-taker actually did administer for fun a pinch to the bust of Antinœus, as Bacchus, in the British Museum. The grains rested on the marble lip, like a moustache, giving a very life-like air to the head.

A friend, who contributes the following lines, assures us that they record a fact; that their subject is even quite serious in stating the temporary absence of his *Tabatiere* as an extenuation for any error he may commit; his courtesy, conscience, taste and reason, seem all shut up in the same box.

Ma Tabatiere.

Monsieur le Brun has one excuse

For ever 'neath his nose,
He finds it of the greatest use

In fashion's minor woes.

" How could you praise Z.'s tales last night?"

I asked—" how could you bear
Aught such a Charlatan can write ?"
" Eh ! did I, though ? Yes, perhaps I might—
I'd lost—*ma Tabatiere.*"

" And why that silly wager take ?
Or enter *Hell* at all ?

Your gold on ' dicer's oaths' to stake ?
Or in a duel fall ?

Sure you were winey!" " I forget—
I'll never more go there—

I have not lost much by it yet—"

" But wherefore mix with such a set ?"
" I'd lost my *Tabatiere.*"

" I've heard that once a pious blue
Found in your faith a flaw ;
You let her extort vows from you,
And then you went to law,

And lost your cause”—“ Ah, very just,
My wits disordered were—
I had not else misplaced my trust—
But if I recollect—I must
Have lost my *Tabatiere*. ”

If my account of his pretext
Be pointless, dull, and flat,
Forgive me! I am all perplexed—
And sad as a lib-cat.
Not stationary are my means—
Materials for this care—
Vainly o'er pen, ink, paper, leans
Your scribe, from them no grain he gleans—
He's lost his *Tabatiere*.

About 1794, a very little boy attended a “ Ma'am's” or “ Dame's school,” in one of our great towns. His governess was an upright, lively person; *certes* with grey hair, and a few wrinkles, “ with spectacles on nose,” and *box* at side. She seemed alone in the world; her pupil never thought about her age. After his removal from her apron-string, he was seldom in his native place; but, visiting it in 1813, and hearing that she was alive, though retired from the toils of

horn-book tuition, he called to present her with a cannister of his mixture.

A stooping, lame, deaf, old goody, admitted him ; her features resembled those of his former mistress. He asked if this was she, telling who *he* was.

“ Bless us ! my dear young gentleman,” feebly uttered his hearer, “ how glad mother will be ! I ’ve often heard her talk of you.”

She led him to the parlour ; where sat, erect and almost unaltered, his own dame ; her silver-head noddled a little more than it was wont, and a crutch-stick leant against her easy-chair. Hardly could his name be announced, when she recognised him, and in firm, clear tones, exclaimed,—

“ One of my boys ! Ah ! the sons of my first scholars, are husbands and fathers now, child. You did not know my daughter ; *her* husband was alive in your day : since her widowhood she has come home, that mammy may nurse her again, for she is getting infirm, poor girl ! though scarcely to be called old yet. The child of my age, as it were, for I had been long a wife before she was born, and did not marry early. If I had, and she had done the like, and had descendants, who followed our example, mercy on us ! what generations”—

" Of snuff-takers, I hope ma'am," said her guest, making his oblation to this venerable shrine.

" Bless thee!" she laughed, " What all this for me? why it may last me for the rest of my life. I was, I may say baptized in 't."

" How, my dear lady? do tell me, if it does not fatigue you to satisfy my curiosity."

" No, my love; a bit of chat does me good. I'm not scant of breath yet. My father, you see, when a disbanded officer, must needs have a brat, without means to support it; but Providence sends meat as well as mouths; or snuff as well as snubs. Faith, a very early meat for *my* mouth (not so toothless *yet* as it was then) happened to be snuff; for, in his joy at hearing that half-pay would be allowed to gentlemen who had served their country, he upset the box over my cradle. My mother thought me blinded; but snuff, it seems, agreed with my constitution; though I was not conscious of enjoying a pinch till between four and five years later. They took me with 'em to London, to see the grand doings at the Duke's return from Holland. These drove from their heads my complainings of a bit of sampler cruel, that had got up my nose; it really made me ill; the only sickness I ever knew; but a famous

doctor recommended snuff. Lord, what a comfort 't was ! it removed the shred of worsted, and I 've taken it ever since ; wearing, you see, brown gowns, of different shades, that it may not shew. When I was about fifteen, indeed, I went into mourning for her Majesty. White I took to once, as a bride, just as *our* merchants were forced to petition for arms against the Spanish pirates ; and my poor soul, a captain, trading to America. But Heaven preserved him, ay, to see the coronation ! I wore black for my father, the year of the great frost ; and for my mother, who died in fear of the Pretender. I have survived all but this one lamb, and I should have hopes of her lasting *my* time if she did but take snuff; she is only seventy-three."

" And pray, Madam," panted the astonished young man, " what may be *your own* age ? "

" Why, my dear, I was born in the last year of the century——you stare ! I 'm not trying to pass myself for a miss in her teens. My birth took place in November, 1699."

" Then, by the *Queen* and the *Duke*, you mean *Anne* and *Marlborough* ? "

" To be sure, baby, who else ? with such a pinch as this I am not like to lose my memory,

please God, though I have entered my hundred and fourteenth year. I did not give up teaching till I had completed my century; then I thought 't was *almost* time to rest."

With what sensations were these words received! Here was a living volume of chronology! To her, the accession of George III. was a thing of yesterday.

Month's elapsed, and the old dame preserved her mental faculties, her relish for snuff. "Willing to live, but not afraid to die;" her only uneasiness was lest her daughter should be the first called. This fear, perhaps, hastened her own end; but, without a day's indisposition, she was found one morning in the *heavenly sleep*, a pinch still between her long snuff-coloured thumb and finger. The daughter disturbed not this sample of *one* among the causes of our theme's longevity, as even the survivor admitted it to be; for our own parts, we think it the chief cause: and a strong proof that *good* snuff never injured the senses,—never shortened life. The snuffless daughter lived but a year or two after her loss.

This is a fact; and though the very old woman's "nose" did "*not* look like a snout," her name was *Pig!*

This is an extreme case; but we add the names of other well-known takers, whose longevity deserves observation. Lord St. Helen's lived to be eighty-one; Lord Lauderdale, the same age; Lord Coleraine, seventy-nine; and Earl Powis, ninety-two. Signior Corvetto (to whom the galleries applied the name of "Nosey") reached his hundredth year; and his son, the celebrated violoncello player, died at ninety. Dragonetti, Lindley, François Cramer, John Cramer, Moralt, are, or were, devoted to snuff-taking.

A *Laertes*, who trod the snuff-strewn path of dalliance himself, used to deny *his* fair *Ophelia* any participation in its pleasures, calling them unfeminine. It was only by stealth that she could "achieve a sninch of puff," as she called it. Thus do worse culprits seek to disguise the name of deeds they may not safely own.

One twilight, her brother returned home with some books, which he had just purchased, and carried them to his own room, where, by forgetfulness, he left them; and, too lazy to ascend again, bade his sister "like a good girl" fetch them from his toilet table. She went: beside the volumes stood open a silver box, full of odorous dust. With hasty energy she transacted her

achievement ; stolen joys, they say, are sweetest. This joy was sweet enough, and not at all too strong ; no fear of a betraying sneeze. She re-entered the presence of her family, with an expression of countenance so innocent that she made sure no one would guess her theft ; but, to her dismay, starts and whispers hailed her re-appearance.

“ If people *will* be dishonest,” said her brother, “ they should risk their characters for something worth taking, and not rob so awkwardly as to be found out. Some persons say that no woman ever passed a looking-glass without a peep at that hourly image of her thoughts, her own reflection. I acquit *you* of a fault so excusable in your sex. You are fit to personate the *Invincible Corporal*, *Victoire*, or Goldsmith’s—

“ —— Swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place.”

She can never deserve a pinch of snuff who does not know tobacco from charcoal and orris-root ; you have helped yourself to my tooth-powder, which I keep in an old snuff-box ; look at your finger and thumb, and then let the mirror shew

you your chimney-sweep muzzle. There ! is it not a black business ? a disgraceful stain on your reputation ?”

The criminal hastened to efface this mark of shame, resolved, in future, to pilfer with taste and caution, so that even her accusers might confess—“ Her fault was not her folly.”

We met, in a military narrative, with an instance of snuff’s power which pleased us.

Our arms had brought some fortress to mediate terms of capitulation, but “ *le chateau qui parle*” does not *always* surrender, and the one in question might have held out, though its inhabitants were already suffering privations, but that the officer who came forth to treat with us Britons bore a famished nose ; he confessed its wants to a generous enemy. The high contracting parties carried not boxes, but one of them had an aide-de-camp who at once indulged and pinched himself —his *boite* was borrowed. There are moments when we would sell our birth-right for a mess of pottage. Even so the Frenchman, bribed thus nasally, subscribed to anything, and thought his long neglected kerchief the best flag of truce he had ever seen—

“ The force of Baccy could no further go.”

The general thanked his subaltern, doubtless with some pun on the word *pris*—implying—

“ But for your *pinch*, the place would not have been *taken*.”

A cadet at one of our military academies, submitting some highly finished plans to a severe German professor, endured a threat of rejection, called by both masters and pupils “ spinning.”

“ Iv my zight wash glearer, I gou’d zhow you vaultz enough,” quoth the old man, crossly.

“ Take a pinch of snuff, sir, and you will see them more plainly. I wish to be told my defects,” replied the hypocrite.

“ Coot poy—but you are young for de snuff ; dis is ztrong too—haw ! Vell, you zee dese lines is not not quite ztraight, nor de zhades zmoodge. I cannot bass diss blate.”

As he spoke, a large drop of tobacco-water, of his own distilling, fell from his beak upon the paper.

“ Mein Cot,” he laughed, “ bot I *must*, vor I hafe spoilt him myself. Go, zponge away dat ockley mark, and it shall *not* be zpun. Very vine, zivil, steady, young shentlemans; very coot znuff!”

A fair student of French used as successfully

to corrupt Madame, the teacher, by conveying surreptitious relief to her *néz*. The English mistress of the school forbade her Gallic assistant's indulging in her darling habit; and every one wondered why the said young lady should be Madame's favourite, until a tell-tale laundress dissolved the mystery. Washerwomen *will* talk!

A decent Caledonian was constrained by penury, to lodge in that Irish colony, St. Giles's. It was remarked that he kept his box of high-dried in his hat, and an Englishman asked him:

“Do n’t you find the snuff get into your hair, and down your neck, so as to soil your person?”

“Weel,” replied Macanister, “I ’se no deny that I do, just; but a’ that I can wash aff, ilka morn; ‘i the mean while, I find it usefu’, sir.”

“Useful, how?”

“Why, against fever, and the *animals* ye ken, and then by *forcing* me upon cauld water, day by day, it does mair *for* cleanliness than *against* it, and in itsel’ may be ca’d *clean dirt*.”

We remember, during a walk, in the beautiful environs of Edinburgh, pausing to take a pinch of snuff; whilst so employed, a brawny auld fish-wife nearly thrust her scaly odoriferous fingers into our box, ere she skreeled,—

“Rax me a haul at yer mull, my man. I’m just wode for a pickle o’ sneshin.”

“Wait then, goody, and I’ll put half of what I have into paper for you.”

“Weel said, lad! thank ye brawly!” quoth she, accepting as a kindness, what was done merely to save our whole store from pollution. A refusal on our part might have been followed by a knock-down blow, from this amazonian vendor of haddock and Newhaven lobsters.

Liberal box keepers must yet encourage the diffusion of snuff with a difference. Bloomfield says of his fair-going old heroine—

“And many a pinch Kate gave away.”

But he describes her as such “a tidy one,” and the peasants of those parts as so full of natural good breeding, that we cannot imagine a pinch squeezed, saturated in perspiration, and half shaken back into *her* box.

Many habitual snuff-takers waste about a fourth of the pinch they take, in transporting it from the box to the nostril. A friend of ours, dining at the mess table of the Rifle corps, encountered so many brother campaigners that it was long after

midnight before he left ; as he was an inveterate snuff-taker, the fourth of his box was scattered on the right hand side of his chair. He was pressed to repeat his visit the next day, which he did, and on this occasion had the misfortune to upset his box early in the course of dinner.

The following morning one of the Mess waiters, who had observed the first deposit, remarked to a fellow servant,—

“ Why, Jem, that gentleman who has dined here two days running, must have staid uncommon late *last* night, if you may judge by that mountain of brown dust close to where he sat ; I thought the first was a pretty decent allowance, but this beats by a quarter of a pound ! ”

A “ gentleman sportsman,” who, like the hero of the Frieschutz, had been a “ never-failing” shot, suddenly found his hand and eye untrue to him. He permitted this to irritate his nerves, and induce a hurriedness of aim, which naturally multiplied his failures. A friend, who observed his mortification, said to him,—

“ You are only fancying weakness of sight, and unsteadiness of hand ; your natural powers and acquired skill are as good as ever, as you will find if you have patience with yourself. As soon

as your dog points you fire without deliberation : a moment gained, and you would hit your bird."

" But how am I to gain that moment ? How repress my eagerness ? "

" Take a pinch of snuff ! and then—"

The young Rapid took the hint, the snuff, and the partridges. Indeed, he won the game so much the more quickly for these instants of delay, that his box was not emptied so fast as his bag was filled.

In the " mimickry of noble war," this is fair. In duelling, we should think it heartlessly cool ; and certainly, if between the act of seizing a knife and that of sticking an offender therewith, the sticker took a pinch of snuff, that pause for reflection would turn manslaughter into murder. Let juries look to this ; but then, to be sure, we believe no *premeditated* murderer ever did take snuff.

We are indebted to the editor of " The Cigar" for the following admirable defence of our theme :

" It has been most impertinently remarked that a regular snuff-taker loses a considerable portion of valuable time by the indulgence of this practice. The moments expended in sniffing have been calculated, and the total in a given number of

years looks enormous! But what, let me ask, would your snuff-taker be doing during these moments? often little, and *usually nothing*. Snuff is, for the most part, taken either during a vacant instant; or, if the box be resorted to during the time of occupation, it is but to spirit us up, when lagging, to fresh and more vigorous exertions. The same moments which others spend in yawning, a snuff-taker enjoys, by gratifying the appetite and palate of a sense whose wants and capabilities for affording delight, are by many men wholly unattended to. The formidable, total, therefore, must be placed to his *credit*; instead of losing, he actually gains, so many hours in the year from dullness and insipidity by taking snuff."

People who indulge in "an occasional pinch" are easily known from regular practitioners by their keeping the snuff between their fingers for a considerable time, and sniffing it up by small and tedious instalments. Of such a one, a friend of ours once asked,—

"Are you a Scotchman?"

"No; why did you think so?"

"Because I see you like your snuff *mulled*."

"I do n't take," replied the other.

"I perceive you do n't. All I meant to imply

is, that you like your snuff with the chill off; why don't you air it with a warming pan?"

We have heard of such experiments being tried with a piano-forte; and of persons airing watches, even thimbles, ere allowing them to approach the flesh. The late John Keates, in his "Eve of St. Agnes," talked of "aired jewels;" but in the matter of snuff, we think icing were better, if practicable, without coagulating it into lumps. Surely this might be done on the shot-manufacturing principle, by showering snuff through a fine sieve, in a room of intensely cold atmosphere; thus realising the provincial manager's direction to his property-man, who had not paper enough for a winter's storm,—

" If you can't snow *white*, snow *brown*."

It is impolitic, however, of us thus to publish an idea for which we deserve a patent.

Nothing is more detestable (when asked for a pinch of snuff) than to see the person you are about to oblige shake his hand over your box. If people's fingers are bigger than their noses, i' Gad's name let them scatter the superfluity to earth, not put it again, in a profaned guise to the store of the fastidious giver. From such, one may withdraw and say,—

" This is a private box."

It is impolitic of persons with coarse and clumsy fingers to take snuff.



A man's character may often be judged by the manner in which he takes snuff. We detest the stealthy, miserly, ungraceful attitude in which some people feed their noses. A liberal, elegant hand may be known, in this work, at a distance too great for the face it serves to be seen.

Originality will reveal itself, even in trifles.

Before we give a few notions of our own 'on Noses, let us again cite the language of a contemporary, whose dignified sensibility of style, in the

paragraph we transcribe, delighted us hugely. “Hath not the nose its palate? should it not be fed on that which is most grateful to its taste? Snuff is its odorous ambrosia; let it pacify its nasal appetite, and revel on what it loves. Shall man lose his newly found sense? In discovering America, he added a new,—a mighty item to his delights. Heretofore, the kingly nose was poorly dieted on such unsatisfactory stuff as the effluvia of sweet marjoram; on air, mere air—is it a *ameleon?*”

Some noses look made for snuff, some utterly unworthy of it; the best are the Grecian and Roman, with dilating nostrils; it must be quite a pleasure for a pinch, if conscious of going up them. An atomist may decide whether such reciprocity of sensation be possible or no. By Roman, of course, we mean a classic nose; many aquiline noses are anything but handsome; some have bridges too low; this defect gives them the look of bird’s beaks, and lends a silly air to the whole countenance. Others have drooping, compressed, fat ends; unchristian like, and apt to enforce a distribution of snuff over the upper lip. After the Roman, the next in favour is the Saxon, projecting yet straight,—found frequently in the faces

of the eloquent. (Vide Byron, Canning, Sir Astley Cooper, the Duc de Berri.) These should be of moderate size ; they are unpatrician if very short, and snipey if long ; they become snuff buxomly.



Pugs must puzzle the mixture accustomed to the noble arch of a Roman Bacciduct, the right line of Greece, or the unbending angle of Saxony. The pinch, having to ascend an inward curving, irregular passage, must lose its spirit, though the way be brief, and fall into the throat. Crooked, sharp, and flat noses have the same inconvenient effect ; but a turn-up nose always looks as if it thought itself above its business.

Clumsy noses may suit the snuffs kept in bottles. They fancy themselves returning to the place whence they came.

Fine profiles generally make acquaintance with good snuffs, who merit the office of fascinating them just as they deserve to be taken, and held by the nose, by genuine tobacco.

It is of little consequence now, however, whether the feature was originally “Bottle, Grecian, Snub, or Roman;” there is no need of saying, as Liston used to sing, “Ah, hide your nose!” while *his* namesake can carve profiles to any pattern, pare the redundant, and repair the distorted; making his once Bardolphian patients almost as handsome as himself, and giving the excellent F——y a chance of being mistaken for Charles Kemble.

Perhaps Liston himself, though capable of abridging noses, could not have re-bridged that of the man whose sabre-flattened proboscis no longer receiving aught but pain from a pinch—inspired him, on being pressed by a French friend to try, with the reverential pun, of “Monsieur, *Je n'ose pas!*”

Some noses—in an act consequent on snuff-taking, send forth a trumpet-like announcement;

this is ostentatious, and reminds us of Claudius' cannon, that told the world of Elsinore of his Majesty's potations. Others do the inevitable in a protracted, snivelling style,—an insult on its cause. The person naturally and habitually graceful will assert his elegance even while blowing his nose.

But for snuff, coloured pocket handkerchiefs might never have become general. Now what varieties may we not see or remember !

Oh ! the red and yellow cottons, sold at country fairs, with “ The world turned upside down ;” long coated babies rocking fat old nurses in cradles ; boys flogging school-masters ; sheep killing butchers ; trouts—“ fishers of men.” Other squares represented the shaving of goats, the dancing of pigs, two beavers carrying a duck in a rained-upon sedan chair. Some, illustrated old ballads, with their verses beneath their groups. “ The Children in the Wood,” or “ Chevy Chase.” So, as you read, and wept—your bane and antidote before you—you might wipe away your tears in their cause, and have a good *blow* at “ the cruel uncle.” Landscapes and public buildings have thus been crumpled out of perspective. Portraits of statesmen, actresses, warriors, have been thus fore-shortened, and great characters blown upon !

In silk, what gay and gorgeous designs, what countless colours! The mourning square,—cypress, pansies, rosemary, willow, or other plants sacred to woe, printed in royal purple, black and white, was a great favorite with the consistently grave, who liked not to draw from a sable pocket a Bandana of livelier hues; but the old fashioned unromantic still cling to the chocolate or blue, both diamond spotted. No true snuff-taker should be seduced by the subdued gold of a syren canary.

We must add one more kerchief to our list, for “thereby hangs a tale,” and we should blush to omit any story we could remember that bore even a *remote* relationship to our theme.

When many of the Covent Garden Company played at the Cheltenham Theatre, there was attached to that establishment a man of utility, who took snuff, with a perpetual cold, and a torn, faded, smoke-coloured, plaid cotton handkerchief; that is, it *looked* as if he had but one; and “that same” never, at the earliest hour of the day, appeared to have been freshly taken from the drawer. His wife and numerous progeny also were seen with perpetual colds, and *one* among *them* would sport a smoky gingham square; *two* such were never beheld at a *time*. The actors

vowed that there were *not* two ; that *the* one was taken “ turn and turn about,” like that of the Grand Seignior by the ladies of his harem. The sight of that check remnant always created a titter, though its possessor might never have guessed why, but for the following blunder :—

It is not safe for actors to talk nonsense just before they are going to deliver the language of any author deserving that title. The name given to poor G—’s mouchoir had been repeated till it stuck to the tongue of the late Charles Connor, who was dressed for *Sir Lucius*. In the scene with *Acres*, where the son of Erin is describing O’Trigger Hall, he chanced, unluckily, to catch a sight of G—, who was wiping his face at the wing. Connor spoke thus :—

“ — For though the *dirty* acres have *slipped* through our fingers, I am proud to say that our honour—and—the *family*—*pocket handkerchief*—is as fresh as ever ! ”

The initial letter of Pictures led him on to this betrayal of *their* Free-Mason’s secret : a general laugh, in which G— joined, followed. The audience little dreaming the cause of their favorite’s comic mistake.

Snuff-Takers.

GEORGE IV.—KING OF HANOVER—DUKES OF CAMBRIDGE AND SUSSEX—PRINCESS HESSE HOMBURG—DUKES OF DEVONSHIRE AND BUCCLEUCH—MARQUIS OF ELY—LORDS ALVANLEY, AIRLIE, ARBUTHNOT, PANMURE AND ABERCROMBIE—LOUIS XVIII.—DUKE OF ORLEANS—FREDERICK THE GREAT—MRS. SIDDONS—JOHN KEMBLE—BRUMMEL—SIR HENRY COOKE—THEATRICAL TOUCHSTONE—DRAMATIC CENSOR—STEEVENS THE COMMENTATOR—COUNT BORALOWSKI—DONALD MAC-PHERSON—EARL OF HARRINGTON—PRINCE TALLEYRAND—PRINCE METTERNICH—NAPOLEON—LADY HOLLAND—CONCLUSION—ACROSTIC.

GEORGE IV., pre-eminent in all matters of taste, was, as we have elsewhere reminded the reader, particularly so in snuff. Each of his residences had a room set apart for the indulgence of this *penchant*, where the jars were arranged, on a rising succession of shelves. The most completely fitted chamber for this purpose was that in Windsor Castle.

When Prince of Wales and Regent, this august gentleman's chief page, Mr. Dupasquier, superin-

tended the snuff department. Mr. D.'s taste and knowledge added much to the value of the stock, which consisted of some of the most rare qualities : upon Mr. Dupasquier's retiring, Mr. Troup succeeded ; after him, Mr. Holmes ; then Messrs. Whiting and Bachelor (in the latter's arms his Majesty expired). These trusty retainers managed the jar-chamber matters, with an occasional survey, by Messrs. Fribourg and Treyer, to the entire satisfaction of his Majesty ; who, though he received many presents of scarce and curious snuff, approved none so much as those he chose and purchased himself. After dinner, the King had seldom before him less than ten or twelve different sorts, in as many splendid boxes ; but in the morning, he invariably took a mixture, much favoured by Queen Charlotte, and composed originally by Sir Herbert Taylor. The afternoon snuffs approved by his Majesty were, Etrenne, Bureau, Martinique, Cologne, Old Paris, Havre, Bordeaux, Rouen ; but the most favourite snuff was a Carotte, manufactured expressly for him, by Fribourg and Treyer, and which preparation they now sell, under the title of “The King's Carotte.”

The King of Hanover and the Duke of Cam-

bridge are both much addicted to snuff; the Duke of Sussex more moderately so: and to the list of illustrious *lady*-snuffers, we may add the name of the Princess of Hesse Homburg.

All these personages patronise the plain genuine tobacco. No wonder, then, that the noble Elizabeth encouraged her bridegroom's perseverance in his pipe.

His graceful Grace of Devonshire stamps the habit of snuff-taking with added elegance; while Lord Alvanley's wit proves that it has no tendency to cloud the brain.

To the list of noble snuffers may be added the Duke of Buccleuch, Marquis of Ely, Earl of Airlie, Lords Arbuthnot, Panmure, and Abercrombie.

Louis XVIII., who must have found his *boîte* a great resource in banishment and distress, continued to empty it after his restoration; and, like "Major Mulligan," about "his tumbler of punch,"

"He never was aisy until it was full again."

The Duke of Orleans, son to the present ruler of France, takes a considerable quantity of snuff.

Frederick the Great took a profusion of snuff



W. & J. C. Loring. Appearance.

11

from a leathern pocket in his waistcoat ; his manner of doing this was remarkable, almost peculiar to himself, not quite.

His *Ghost* appeared to his nephew, Frederick William II., who was marching towards Paris, in aid of the unfortunate Louis XVI. and his Queen. The *revenant* warned his kinsman against losing his life, and ruining his own country, by interfering with the destinies of those predoomed to speedy dethronement and death. There stood the Monarch, “in his habit as he lived,” with his own face, voice, gestures, modes of speech, box, way of *taking snuff*. Could he be disobeyed? Could his etheriality be doubted, when, after his vanishment, not a grain was to be found upon the floor?

Fleury, the comedian, famed for his personation of “*Old Fritz*,” and mysteriously absent from home at the time of this apparition, was too clever to confuse the material with the incorporeal, and might go through the pantomime of pinch-taking, without the use of snuff. Sir Walter Scott might make an airy spirit carry in its *no* hand a substantial bodkin ; he was a creative genius, the player only a ~~copyist of truth~~—a getter-by-heart of probabilities.

It is possible, however, that the great Frederick's royal nephew only pretended to have had this superhuman visitation, as a pretext for withdrawing his forces from their intended assistance to the French king. No one confessed to having seen the spectre, except its own flesh and blood relation. We do hope that Fleury was not to be hired, not to be scared into thus preying on the superstition of one man, and the life of another. If there was no ghost, it is no wonder there was no snuff; or if the phantom was a real one (that is a bull), it might do without what no *body*, once loving it, can, while alive, dispense with.

It used to be cited, as a proof of Mrs. Siddons's insensibility, that, on coming off the stage, after agonising her audience, she could composedly ask for a pinch of snuff. We think such a demand proves the very reverse of apathy; if her nerves had not been racked, and her spirits exhausted, she would not have been in such haste for this refresher; but if her injudicious critics expected that she would call for it in^{*} the same tone, and with the same look that had just thrilled the public, they knew little of the great lady's good sense and self commanding presence of mind; albeit she *did* once astonish a shopman by the

manner in which—about some printed calico—she put the question,—

“ *But will it wash?* ”

John Kemble one night, in the Edinburgh Theatre, was exchanging pinches with Mr. James Russell, then a very young man.

“ My good lad,” sepulchrally panted the tragedian, “ Why *do* ye take scented snuff? Renounce it, I beg! or it will injure your voice. Now, I have used plain Rappee for more than twenty years, and, as you must perceive, it has had no effect upon *my* voice.”

Great creature! that was true enough—his voice having no *physical* charm to lose; but, if to his Rappee he owed the pleasure which we hope he did, what a debt of gratitude owe *we* to snuff!

There was a time when the dictum of Beau Brummel was regarded as law, in the world of fashion. Fribourg and Treyer had received an anxiously expected supply of the veritable Martinique—the list of applicants for this highly prized article had long been filled up. The hogshead was opened in the presence of the Arbitrator, who, after taking a few pinches, gravely pronounced it “ a detestable compound, and not at all the style

of thing that any man, with the slightest pretension to correct taste, could possibly patronise."

This astounding announcement, which must soon spread among the candidates, horrified the purveyors; they had procured the snuff at a heavy outlay, and it was now likely to remain on their hands. The companions of the Dictator left him to discuss the matter with the proprietors; no sooner were they gone than Brummel said,—

" By some oversight, I did not put my name down on your Martinique list, and I must have allowed the thing to be dispensed to others, who know not its value as I do. Since the hogshead has been condemned, you will not object to my having three jars full of it: that fact once known, there is little doubt that the remainder will find a speedy demand."

The Messrs. Fribourg gladly yielded to the *ruse* of the exquisite, and in a few days, it having become known that *he* had absolutely bought, and positively paid for, the quantity above named, not a grain was left. Some of the gentlemen whose signatures were at the end of the list were sadly disappointed; however, as their names were placed at the head of the candidates for the next arrival of the coveted Martinique, they were not long without obtaining the object of their desires.

The late Sir Henry Cooke was so choice in his snuffs, so determined that they should be old, to his own knowledge, and not merely so called by their vendors, that after making a judicious selection, he had the jars put into a dry vault, and the entrance bricked up. He then let his house for seven years, when the time was expired, he had the vault re-opened, and certainly his patience was repaid, for finer snuffs never could be produced.

We remember a theatrical *quid nunc* once declaring, that he never knew a good actor who did not take snuff; and so bigoted was he in his opinion, as to give vent to the somewhat illiberal speech which follows,—

“John Kemble took snuff; Macready does n’t. Liston takes snuff; Buckstone does n’t. Mrs. Siddons took snuff; Miss Helen Faucit does n’t. Mrs. Gibbs takes snuff; Miss Taylor does n’t. Mathews took snuff; the young one does n’t—his ‘Madam’ wont let him, they say!”

We know, however, of some bad actors who *do* take snuff, and some *very* good ones who do not.

Some five or six years ago, the frequenters of the second circles of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, were aware of the presence of a very disgusting little personage, by the noise he made in taking snuff; it was distinctly heard by all around,

and oftentimes the certainty of *his* being in the house, caused considerable heart-burnings to the relatives of those performers who had not suffered their homes to be polluted by the presence of the sonorous snuff-taker ; as he was sure, in his capacity of theatrical reporter, to abuse those whose acquaintance and hospitality he vainly endeavoured to procure. This disagreeable fellow carried a box, and contrived to have it constantly supplied, by begging from people he knew, or presumed to speak with ; it was no matter to him, Irish, Scotch, Prince's Mixture, all were equally welcome. We shall not sully our pages by his name, but cannot resist recording that one evening, when “The Little Un-washed” was seated at the Coburg, during the performance of a piece, the characters in which were composed chiefly of convicts, and the scene laid at Sydney, he heard one of the actors, disturbed at the discordant sound by which the *critic's* presence was ascertained, ask, as though part of the text,—

“ Is Dirty ——— alive yet?”

To which the other “with infinite promptitude” replied,

“ Yes, he was n't *despatched* when I left ; the Justichihay at Oolich.”

Steevens, the commentator of Shakspere, took snuff to such an excess, and was so careless of the attendant expense, that he was utterly astonished at finding himself indebted to his tobacconist the sum of seventy pounds, for little more than a twelvemonth's consumption; the magnitude of the amount had the effect of extorting from him an oath which he solemnly made, in St. Paul's Church Yard, never to take another pinch!

This hasty resolution, his intimates assert, tended to shorten his days, he would not

“ Lay perjury upon his soul,
No, not for *Rappee*;”

and died a martyr to a foolish vow; had he resolved to decrease his quantity of snuff, his life might have extended many more years.

That excellent epitome of man, the Polish Count, Joseph Boralowski, was a devoted snuff-taker; he carried a box which, although perfectly in keeping with his other appointments, was sufficiently deep to hold a large allowance for so small a being. We have, on more than one occasion, exchanged pinches with the delightful little Count.

A Highlander who distinguished himself in Wolfe's last victory, was seen, during the action,

to renew his strength for mowing down another row of “ French bein’s,” by an occasional “ dip i’ the mull.” His captain, on their return to England, had an opportunity of describing this cool bravery to the King, who desired that the Scot should be presented to him.

Donald M’Pherson (for so was our Serjeant called) could only be made to understand that his Sovereign was pleased to hear of his taking snuff; he felt “ vera gratefu, and just doubted hoo a could shew it agreeably;” but scarcely was he introduced to his Majesty, when the royal hand seemed offering him the power of making a handsome return “ for a’ civeelities.” It was extended towards him.

“ What for but the horn ?” thought our mountaineer, instantly squeezing his mull into the Monarch’s fist, with,—

“ Help yoursel, and welcome til it a, Sir !”

The King smilingly took a pinch, and placed honest Mac on lieutenant’s half-pay for life.

The Earl of Harrington’s *penchant* for snuff has long been known; but few are aware of the extent to which his lordship carries it. There was, in his late residence, and doubtless is in his present mansion, a room exclusively devoted

to the preparation of snuffs, in which his extraordinarily extensive stock was deposited. This apartment was fitted up with shelves, whereon jars, filled with various choice specimens were placed. Scales and weights of different sizes; sieves, composed of wire of varied texture, through which the coarse Carotte or the minute grains of Princeza could be passed. Parchments and leathers for rubbing up, vessels used in moistening; in short, nothing was wanting that could be required for the preparation of snuff in all its varieties.

We much doubt if any of our first-rate provincial towns can boast such a dépôt as this devoted to the taste of an individual. The liberality of his lordship, in dispensing from his magazine, snuff thus cared for, is proverbial. It is supposed that not less than three or four thousand pound weight is the usual quantity in the earl's possession; and frequently (during the time he is in town) he takes the opinion of a person conversant with the tobacco trade, on the state of his stock, the mellowness of such a jar, the advanced age to which the contents of another have arrived, the excellence of a recent purchase, and the various topics connected with

the preservation and improvement of his collection.

The late Prince of Benevente (Talleyrand de Perigord) was not a snuff-taker from devotion to the habit, but upon principle. The wily politician used to say, and doubtless Metternich, who was a confirmed snuff-taker, would agree with him, that all diplomatists ought to take snuff, as it afforded a pretext for delaying a reply, with which one might not be ready; it sanctioned the removal of one's eyes from those of the questioner; occupied one's hands, which might else convict one of nervous fidget; and, with one of them, partly concealed that feature least easily schooled into hiding or belying human feelings—the mouth. If its workings were visible through the fingers, those twitches might be attributed to the agreeable irritation going on above. No wonder that ladies, lawyers, and other "*hypocrites deserving praise,*" countenance a custom more pleasant and profitable than mask or fan, and certainly more becoming than spectacles (which were also recommended by the wary statesman, as excellent veils for the expression of a countenance); but for innocent flames, snuffing is more appropriate.

It is the common belief that Napoleon took snuff by bushels. Some, on the contrary, say his principal valet, Monsieur Constant, asserted that though his master very frequently passed a huge finger and thumbful close to his nose, in order to receive the odour thereof, he never admitted a single grain as an inside passenger, but scattered all when done with on the floor, and over his person.

Has Mr. Gomersal (Ducrow's "Bonapartean archetype)," who seems to *poke* snuff up his nostrils, ever heard of this "historical doubt?" There may be nothing in it. Funny rogues will feed anecdote-mongers with marvels. One will swear that Moore never sat for his picture; another that he sits once a week; as was said of Garrick, and Mathews cited as authority.

Another Frenchman states that he has seen the Emperor in Council; and that, during the discussion of any weighty matter, he would take handfuls, not pinches of snuff, out of his waist-coat pocket, in which he carried it loose, thus aping Frederick of Prussia, respecting whom we have spoken more fully elsewhere.

There were inconsistencies in the Emperor's character which may be accounted for by the hypothesis that he *equivocated* with snuff—wast-

ing more than he could enjoy; he did the like by human property, and human life. Although he was often impolitely, ungratefully rude, even to women, Josephine included, yet traits of his drollery and good humour were treasured by many. It is fair to infer that, now and then, a little snuff got into his head, by accident; banishing deceit, cruelty, avarice, ambition, for the minute, and reminding this child of Fortune that a cheerful, friendly man is a greater, a more enviable being, than an Imperial conquering despot.

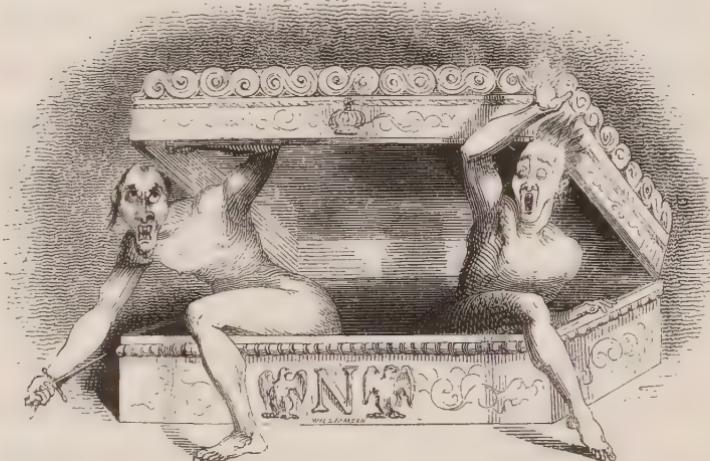
He could not, while in any way under the influence of snuff, fancy himself what an Irish orator called him,—

“ A sceptred hermit, wrapped in the veil of his own awful originality. Grand, *gloomy*, and—
PECULIAR!”

Napoleon, during his exile at Saint Helena, was supplied by Messrs. Fribourg and Treyer, with a snuff called Robillard.

Ere we take leave of Bonaparte, we would remind the reader of Medwin’s “ Conversations, &c., of Lord Byron,” wherein is the following notice of no common box, but an “ Imperial,” as trunkmakers say.

" 'I observe, in the newspapers of the day, some lines of his Lordship's (Lord Carlisle), advising Lady Holland not to have anything to do with the snuff-box left her by Napoleon, for fear



that horror and murder should jump out of the lid every time it is opened! It is a most ingenious idea: I give him great credit for it.'

" He then read the first stanza, laughing in his usual suppressed way,—

'Lady, reject the gift,' &c.;

and produced in a few minutes the following parody on it:—

‘Lady, accept the box a hero wore,
In spite of all this elegiac stuff:
Let not seven stanzas written by a bore,
Prevent your Ladyship from taking snuff!’ ”

Our task is well nigh done; and, in conclusion, we sincerely apologise for certain inevitable defects. We found it impossible to keep the divisions of our subject quite clear of one another; but such a topic will excuse an apparent rambling. It irked us to be forced on the repetition of such words as snuff, boxes, &c., &c.; but it is better to admit tautology than to leave one’s meaning in doubt.

Sir Lucius O’Trigger says,—

“An affront, handsomely acknowledged, becomes an obligation;” yet some gentlemen of the press (we hope they are not compatriots of the baronet), render the obligation anything but mutual; they turn against an author who acknowledges his defects, the very hint for which they are thus obliged to him; and are particularly severe on faults that it is just possible they might not have discovered, but for the accidental perpetrator’s simple frankness.

In the hope, however, that the majority of reviewers will act by modestly asserted merits, as

their less generous brethren do by confessed errors, we will put in a few claims on kindness.

We began with snuff *ab ova* from tobacco seed; have traced its destiny through many lands and ages; defined its varieties, and the methods by which these are effected: have enumerated the great and remarkable characters by whom it has been carried; the sorts of articles used as its concomitants; the places of its sale, the persons who vend it, the signs beneath which it is purchased, the papers wherein it is folded.

But “proper names of persons, places, and things,” though certainly preferable to *im*-proper ones, which we have scrupulously avoided, are, like the bald dates and facts which must be found in *all* histories, rather useful than ornamental,—instructive than entertaining. We have not confined our researches to such; but collected in this cause traits of human nature, as comic as a good intent would permit, from all ranks and ages; from both sexes; from town and country; from king’s and convicts; militants and mad women; beauties and beldames; from enquiring childhood to garrulous senility.

We have considered snuff physically and metaphysically, with reference to health, religion,

polities, love, war, superstition, travelling, poetry, the drama, the fine arts, music, education, charity, fashion, cleanliness, economy of time, and diffusion of sociability.

One truth, at least, we think we have proved. If every person has *some* ruling passion, which, among all these, can be safer, more excusable, than a zest for snuff? It is as innocent a sensuality as that of feasting the eye with pictures, the ear with songs; nay, these two sources of pleasure were more easily perverted into impure temptations than nose-feeding can be. Those, whose chief aim in life is to eat or to drink, must waste more hours, more pounds, on their hobbies, than do we. They degrade their hearts and souls, incur unwieldy, unsightly diseases. Do *we*? No! our taste is too ethereal. It injures not the temper like gaming, avarice, ambition; it engenders not jealousy, falsehood, remorse, like libertinism. On the contrary, it is a habit as chaste as amiable; friendly to wisdom as to mirth. Though we may have shewn more of the latter than of the former in these pages, they have, we trust, evinced a cordial respect for the higher attributes of literature, to which we do not aspire in this Essay; we did not mistake it for a sermon.

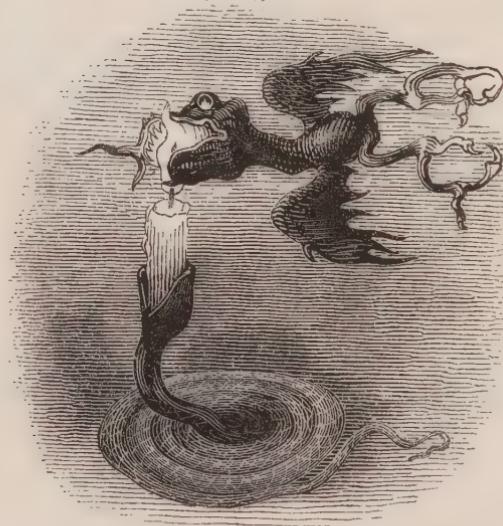
But many brothers of our cloth, who invariably soar *above* the fields of humour, confess that the lofty flights of their heavy wings have been vastly cheered by snuff. The vehicle in which we present ours is not very deep, nor at all intricate of formation ; therefore, we trust that no one will mistake it for the Mull of Can-tire.

If the reader loves the *theme* as we do, why then, in bidding adieu to this friend at a pinch, we will hope that we, as a pair of snuffers ought, only part to meet again ; and discarding the plural pronoun, take leave of my judges in the following sonnet-like

Acrostic.

M ight I hope, critics ! that for which my mind
Y earns, the rare art of blending in my task,
P ure grains of wit, with morals right and kind,
I nstruction light as fairest nose could ask,
N ice notions, by proud prejudice uncloyed,
C ourtesy, that no affectations taint,
H onest—not dust by which the sight's destroyed,

O r stupified the brain till Reason's faint—
F ear'd I not that with powerless will I' ve sped
S o to unite what's pleasant with what's good,
'N eath such a cover as a laughing head
U pon a box's lid—in vainer mood
F inished my mixture 'd be, as smooth enough ;
F riends, *then ye should enjoy my Pinch—of Snuff!*



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